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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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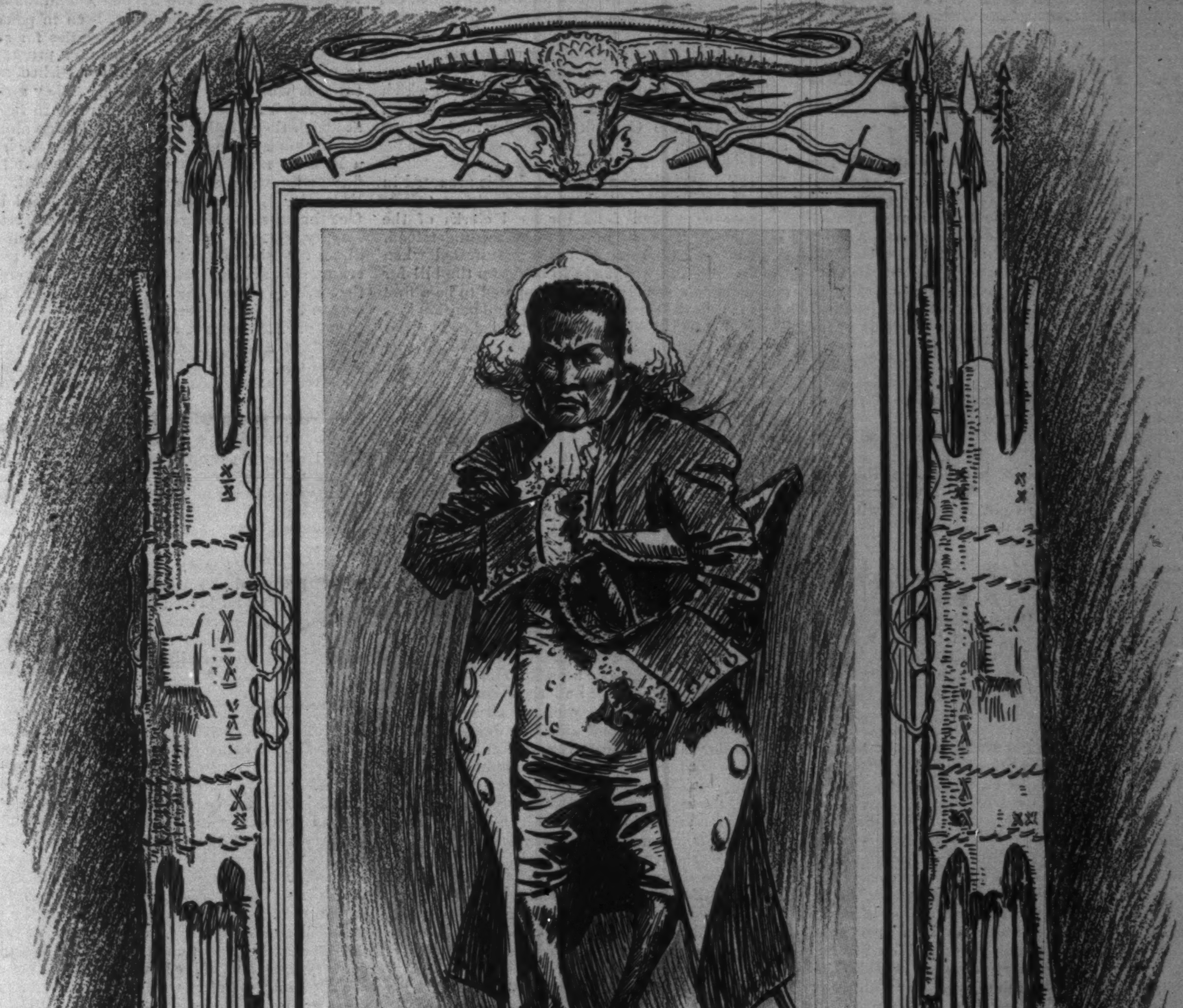

A PORTRAIT OF GEORGE WASHINGTON DISCOVERED NEAR FANEUIL HALL.

(ATTRIBUTED TO THE ATKINSON SCHOOL OF WORD-PAINTERS.)

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, FEBRUARY 24, 1900

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The Proposed Hawaiian Government

THE report of the House Committee on Territories on the bill to create a Territorial government for Hawaii presents very fully and fairly the conditions of the islands and the need of legislation. A short time ago the WEEKLY explained that government is in the hands of the Supreme Court of Hawaii, which continues to exercise jurisdiction under a resolution of Congress and the assent of President McKINLEY. There is no fault to be found, so far as we are informed, with the manner in which the court has exercised its functions. The situation, however, is unsatisfactory to all concerned—to the government as well as to the governed. The resolution under which the government is carried on, after directing that our laws of Chinese exclusion shall apply, and that duties shall be collected under the old Hawaiian tariff, provides that the laws of the former, or DOLE, republic shall remain in force so far as they are not in conflict with the provisions of our Constitution. Therefore there has been a degree of uncertainty which has caused much trouble and led to much litigation. It rests entirely with the court to declare whether an old Hawaiian law remains in force or is contrary to the provisions of our Constitution. The burden upon the judges is enormous, and the result to the people themselves far from satisfactory. Therefore the President and the House Committee on Territories urge speedy action upon the proposed organic act.

It will be remembered that among the recent decisions cited by the WEEKLY was one in which the court held a conviction legal although the accused was not indicted, as required by the Constitution, and although he was convicted by a vote of ten to two of the petit jury. Notwithstanding the decision of the local court, from which there is no appeal, the committee thinks there is grave doubt about the question, and says that it is, moreover, a serious question whether any tribunal exists in Hawaii for the hearing and determination of criminal cases, while the admiralty law is in great confusion. As Hawaii is a maritime province, this defect in its judicial machinery is grave. Besides the defects already described, the committee points out that it is doubtful if the Hawaiian government can grant franchises for industrial or commercial enterprises or for projected railways, which are sadly needed for the development of the islands. It must be remembered that although the President is the ruler of the new possession, his is far from being an arbitrary rule. He is authorized by Congress to exercise only the powers belonging formerly to the DOLE government. Many Americans have bought estates in Hawaii, and find the titles in confusion and no law for their settlement or quieting. The public lands, also, must remain out of the market, and the local government cannot even carry on needed highway improvements.

These are the questions of chief moment, so far as mere local government is concerned. There are others of more general importance. The committee estimates, for instance, that from 17,000 to 25,000 contract laborers have been imported into the islands from Japan since annexation, and this importation will continue until the laws of the United States are extended to the islands.

The form of government proposed is similar to the Territorial form of government with which we are familiar in this country. The President is to appoint the chief executive and judicial officers of the islands. These are to consist of a Governor, a secretary, and the judges of a supreme and superior courts. The Governor is to appoint a treasurer, an attorney-general, a commissioner of public lands, a commissioner of agriculture and forestry, a superintendent of public works, a superintendent of public instruction, an auditor and deputy-auditor, a surveyor, and a high sheriff. The Governor is to be a citizen of the Territory. The Legislature is to consist of a Senate and House of Representatives, whose members are to be elected by the people.

There is no such question in the scheme of government for Hawaii as that which has been raised as to the application of the Constitution to Puerto Rico. The proposed act extends the provisions of the Constitution to the islands, and provides that former Hawaiian laws shall remain in force so far as they are not repugnant to the Constitution. It is true that the resolution under which the islands are now governed contains a similar provision, but the difference is that while at present the decision of the local court as to the survival of an old law is final, under the proposed law an appeal will lie to the Supreme Court at Washington.

These are the principal points of the bill which is now before the House of Representatives, and upon which the Committee on Territories urges speedy action.

THE interesting experiment that is proposed in Representative WADSWORTH'S scheme to create a pension fund for aged clerks of the Weather Service ought not to be misunderstood. A good deal of opposition was manifested when the first attempt was made to bring up the bill for consideration, because it was supposed to be a first step towards the establishment of a civil pension list. There is nothing of the kind intended. The bill proposes a scheme akin to the police pension system of New York. An assessment of three per cent. is to be made, and the old clerks are not to become a burden upon the government. On the contrary, they are to be permitted and aided to insure themselves against the miseries of a penniless old age. According to the prevailing life-insurance tables, the three per cent. assessment will pay all the annuities that can become a charge upon the fund, and will leave a small surplus besides. The first opponents of the measure are now reconciled to it, and are convinced that their fears that a civil pension list may be established were groundless. The bill will pass, and the experiment will be tried, if the committee can get the measure before the House.

THERE seems to be some promise of the realization of the hopes of all who know the Hudson River Palisades and their beauty. Two bills, identical in every respect, are now before the Legislatures of New York and New Jersey. They provide for a permanent commission which shall have power to obtain the cliffs and enough of their shelving foot to preserve them from destruction. Besides, the commission is to secure property on the plain above in order to make a park, or a series of parks, whence visitors may enjoy the splendid view of the river and beyond. The Palisades are perhaps the most characteristic feature of our most beautiful river. They stand at the gateway of the stream, and are the first—or almost the first, for we would not omit Weehawken Heights—of the Hudson's charms to present themselves to the voyager. Perhaps, on account of their singularity, they are the longest remembered of those charms by casual travellers, and they are often the first to be recalled by all who know the river. Then, too, they are very near the great city, and are nearer still to other and smaller cities. Many thousands of people can make an easy escape to them, and this is a wonderful blessing to the denizens of hot and crowded streets. It is true that New York has now several rural, and one or two sylvan, retreats for her warm and dusty citizens, but none like this; perhaps there is none like this in all the world. At the foot or on the top of these rugged steeps are rest and refreshment. There is health in the very aspect of these quiet, dignified monuments to nature's old-time force. The mind and body and soul of the city person need just such association as that afforded by the Palisades, and the movement for their preservation is in the interest of the health of the town—its spiritual, intellectual, and bodily health. This is a stronger appeal to the Legislatures of the two States than that of the mere beauty of the proposed park, of which there is abundance, for it would extend along the river for twelve miles in New Jersey, and for two and a half miles in New York. If the two bills pass we can even thank the men who were blowing the Palisades into paving-stones. The philosophers who say that the spirit of evil makes for the good of the world are once more justified. It was certainly an evil thing—not necessarily blameworthy so far as the paving-stone men were concerned—to blow down the Palisades, but if out of this destruction comes the transformation of the spot into a beautiful and health-giving public park, we shall be reconciled and even grateful for what so many of us once called an act of vandalism.

AS we have said before, French socialism affords a very interesting study, because it is the best organized socialism in the world, for there is a good deal in German socialism that is not socialism at all. But French socialism is the point at which France touches the more sombre nations of the world, or, rather, the point at which the more sombre nations touch France, for socialism is, in essence, largely a mental excitation. That is certainly true of the French communists, for, among other things, they have been in possession of seats in the Chamber of Deputies for several years, and they have not yet set up a programme; in other words, they have not established an end towards which they are working. They are quite content with shouting, and they revel in funerals, at which they display red flags and sing valorously revolutionary songs. Only a Sunday or so ago a Russian nihilist named PETER LAVROSI kindly died and gave an opportunity for a funeral. How little French socialism means is indicated by the fact that the presiding genius at this funeral was Deputy VIVIANI, a socialist. Now nihilism is the direct opposite of socialism. One wants no government at all, and the other wants a government that will do everything for everybody. But there was to be a funeral, and there would be a chance to get excited, to sing, and to wave little red nihilistic flags, and the socialists, headed by VIVIANI, turned out. They had a great time until the flags appeared, and then the police appeared, for red flags in Paris constitute a deadly political sin. However, VIVIANI whispered to the police that the red flags waved by socialists meant nothing, probably on the theory that French socialism itself means nothing, or next to nothing, for it means noise, vagueness, and mere opposition—opposition to anything in the line of established power. HENRI ROCHEFORT is a characteristic French socialist. He was born under LOUIS PHILIPPE, hated that government as a boy. Saw the republic of 1848 established, and sneered at it. Lived under the third Empire, and helped to overthrow it. Was a member of the government of the commune, and reviled it. Meantime the republic endures, notwithstanding the socialists.

EVERY city in the Union, as well as every philanthropic person, is interested in the war which is being waged by the New York Charity Organization through its tenement-house committee. We speak of the municipality as distinguished from the citizen because the existing conditions prevailing in the metropolis threaten the sanitary state of the people for which the municipality is responsible. There are few things more loathsome than the old-fashioned human hives in which the poor of cities are compelled to live. It is true that New York is far from being the worst offender in this respect. The poor people of London are more miserable than any poor we see in this country, and some of the hovels in which they dwell are appalling. But New York and other American cities are worse than they should be, and the intelligent efforts which are being made by the tenement-house committee to remedy the evil must be hailed with acclamations of joy not only by the friends of humanity, but by those who are merely proud of their city, and by those who are interested in making the sanitary conditions of towns as nearly perfect as possible. In order to accomplish this end there is need of legislation. The building laws ought to be reformed in order that builders may be compelled to furnish sufficient areas of light and air. There has been some progress made in the last twenty years; but while London has worse slums than our own, we are very far behind London in the matter of thoroughly good model tenement-houses. There are some fairly well-contrived houses, with good sanitary and light and air conditions, in Brooklyn, for example, but London has enough model tenements to accommodate 160,000 persons. The tenement-house committee is now giving an exhibition—it began on the 24th—in which the evils are pictured and represented by models, and in which the remedies are also illustrated. The exhibition is worthy of the serious study of all who are interested in our civic life, and whose united sentiments, expressed, go to the formation of that strong and effective force called public opinion.

THE PACIFIC TO THE FORE

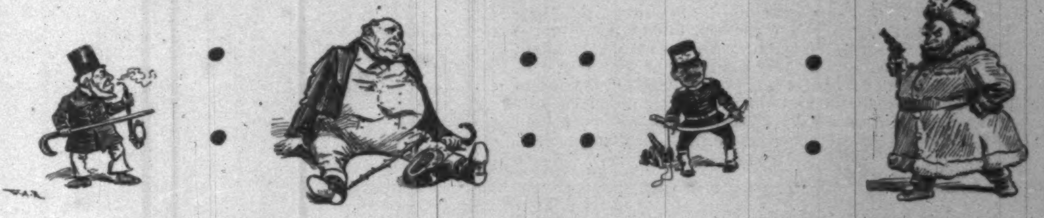
BY R. VAN BERGEN

WITH all eyes directed toward the drama in the south of the Dark Continent, events in the extreme Orient escape observation. Scarcely any interest is aroused when the wires flash the news that Japan is buying quantities of rice and other stores, indicating that the Tokyo cabinet is preparing for a struggle. Some languid comments are provoked by Li Hung-Chang's "promotion" to the viceroyalty of Kwang-tung (Canton). Whatever schemes are hatching in the Far East, even in the light of day, they are hidden by the smoke of the battles in South Africa.

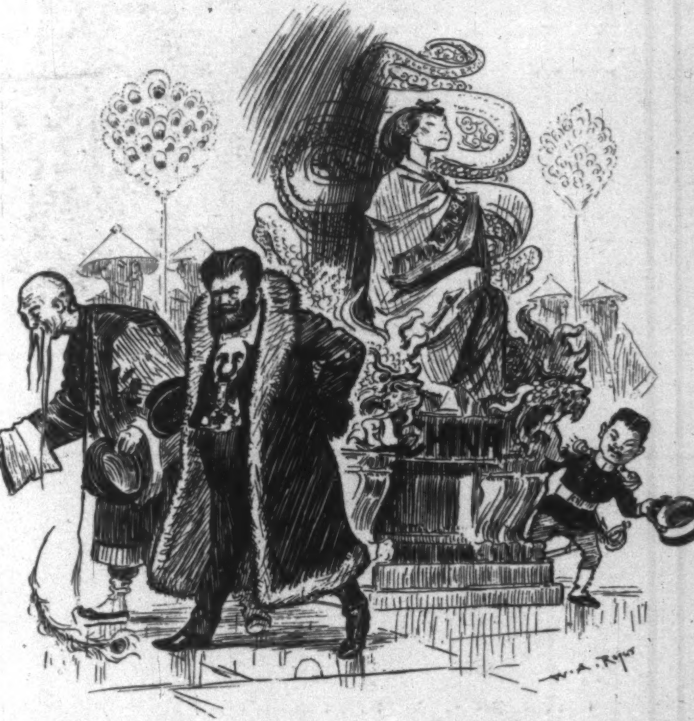
Is there any connection between the struggle of the two puny republics and the Empress of the Seas, and the war-cloud hovering over the horizon of the Far East? The interest manifested in the United States cannot be compared to that with which Japan's hierarchy watches the course of events in South Africa. In the eye of the Oriental British prestige has suffered a most severe blow.

"What!" exclaims the Samurai; "if a handful of farmers can thus humiliate the proudest empire, is not *Great* Japan—*Dai* Nippon—able to frustrate the designs of overrated Russia, and, incidentally, to obtain revenge for thwarted ambition?"

There are numerous reasons why Japan should at this time desire the arbitration of the sword in a dispute which has often passed the acute stage. Her statesmen point to a series of injuries suffered at the hands of Russia. They claim that Karafuto (Saghalien) was fraudulently alienated from the empire in the last days of the Shogunati, and that the cession of the Kurile Islands was no adequate return. When the treaty was signed at St. Petersburg by Admiral Enomoto Takeaki in 1873 the Tenno's government was not in a position to resist demands, but it nursed its wrath and kept it warm. Every effort was made—with what success has been shown in the war with China—to prepare the country to resist further encroachments, and, if called upon, to meet force with force. The resources of Japan have been taxed to the utmost, and the increasing revenues have been thriftily applied to the one purpose never to be lost sight of: "No alien, especially no Caucasian, shall dictate to the race descended from the sun goddess."



A PROBLEM IN PROPORTION, AS IT PRESENTS ITSELF TO THE JAPANESE MIND.



THE COLD SHOULDER FOR RUSSIA AND RUSSIA'S FRIEND.

The attitude of Japan toward China in the struggle about Korea was impelled more by the desire to test her army and navy than by a hope of conquest, for which she was not prepared. The exposure of China's irretrievable corruption caused events to pass beyond the control of the Tokyo cabinet. Its members, perhaps, were carried away by the shouts of victory—signs of the elation of an essentially warlike people. There was some popular dissatisfaction at the by no means excessive conditions of peace imposed upon China; but it was as if a death-blow had been dealt when it was officially confirmed that Russia, France, and Germany had proffered the "friendly advice" to retrocede the continental acquisitions, and that the government had bowed before this *force majeure*. Not a single Japanese over twelve years old but felt that a cruel insult and injustice had been inflicted upon his country, and few indeed are they who did not register a vow that the insult would be wiped out in blood.

The subsequent diplomatic victories won by the Great Northern Power were as gall and wormwood to Japan's statesmen. In vain had come the warning from Count Inouyé, Ito's confidant and fellow-clansman, that Japanese arrogance and superciliousness would create bitter animosity, even among the invertebrate inhabitants of old Kaoli. The dastardly murder of Korea's queen caused the unfortunate and weak-minded king to delude his self-imposed guardians and flee to the protection of the Russian flag. Here once more Japan's plans were thwarted, and, boasting of having reconquered the peninsula, she was once more reduced to a subordinate position. Field-Marshal Yamagata's mission to St. Petersburg proved to be more than a failure—it was a farce. Japan was wholly unable to force the issue in the face of the community of interests which held together the oddly assorted triple alliance. All this time her suppressed wrath did not lose strength by the enforced forbearance. Events in South Africa have freed her from this restraint.

In the mean while an idle attempt was made to induce the two powerful members of the Anglo-Saxon family to espouse her cause. It was not likely that the administration at Washington would depart from the well-established policy of avoiding alliances and international entanglements, nor that, for the sake of an unknown cause, the traditional friendship with Russia would be disrupted. Since Sir Ernest Satow, one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of Japanese scholars, has held the position of her Majesty's minister in Japan, the British government was fully aware of that nation's aims and purposes, and would hardly enter upon an expensive war solely to further Japan's ambitious schemes. England could well afford being a very disinterested spectator in a fight to the finish between Russia and Japan.

Convinced that an alliance with a strong Occidental power was out of the question, Japan at last turned towards her late foe. China *is* a power, for all its inertia. If the layers of sickly fat, grown during centuries of corruption in the body-politic, could be removed, and the muscles properly trained and exercised, here would be a kinsman and ally defying any possible combination of the Caucasian foe.

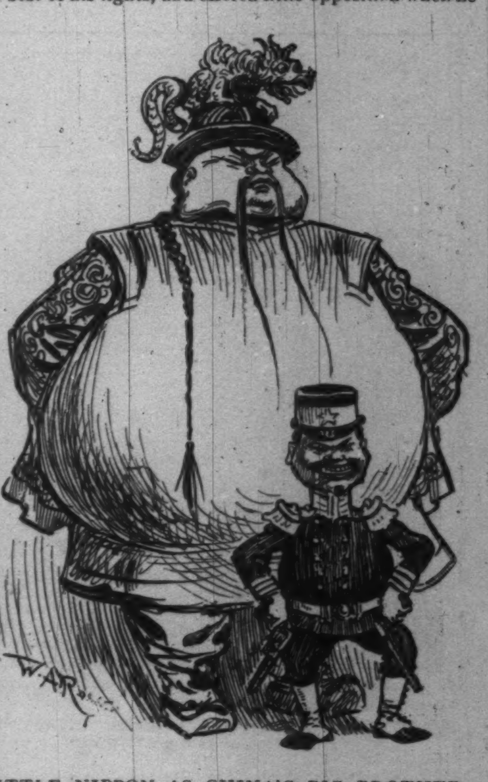
Marquis Ito undertook to visit Peking to look over the field, and to report upon the chances of success. It had been asserted, and the rumor proved true, that the Solitary Man in the Forbidden City was inclined to emulate Mutsuhito of Japan. Poor Kuang-su! Under the tutelage of a mother of whose blood not a drop flowed in his veins, the immutable laws of China's ancestral worship allowed no escape from abject submission to her parental behests. Fear seized upon the Dowager when Ito's approach was announced. Li Hung-Chang's hatred for the man whom he held responsible for China's exposure and his own discomfiture made him even a closer ally to the stern Empress. Marquis Ito left Peking hurriedly when the palace revolution shook the very ground from under his feet.

Disposed at first to join the powers in demanding the restoration of the dethroned monarch, Japan's statesmen soon reached the conclusion that the Empress was too firmly seated, and that opposition to her power must inevitably lead to increasing animosity toward Japan. It was therefore decided that Japan should acquiesce in the powers that be, and endeavor to obtain the Dowager's friendship. What would prove a hopeless effort to a minister of Caucasian birth was comparatively easy to the representative of Japan, to whom Chinese ideography and Chinese court etiquette were as an open book. It will never be known what were the first steps; but it may be taken for granted that Mr. Yano distributed with no sparing hand the golden keys—only tangible means to open the hearts of court eunuch and mandarin alike. The good-will of her Majesty's personal attendants once secured, it was no longer difficult to gain the ears of the Empress. The change in her opinions was soon made manifest by the appointment of a commission to negotiate secretly an alliance with Japan.

It threatened shipwreck to the success of Japan's scheme that important offices in China are not conferred on a basis of merit, but by the pernicious system of political influence. Thanks to Prince Ching, Liu and Ch'ing were appointed as the emissaries to conclude such secret alliance. Their appointment provoked unexpected opposition. No less than twenty-seven petitions were presented to the throne, declaring that these men were wholly unfit to represent China. This happened before they had started upon their mission. Prince Ching, however, continued in his support, and the commission left for Tokyo, escorted by Chiuda, the consul-general of Japan at Shanghai. The publicity given to what was expected to remain an absolute secret disgusted the Japanese government, and nothing was accomplished. Messrs. Liu and Ch'ing have incurred the Dowager's displeasure, and if they proceed to Peking in obedience to her reiterated orders, it will need all of Prince Ching's influence to save them from the executioner.

Aside from the publicity given to this matter, it is quite certain that Li Hung Chang, although wholly opposed to the new departure, was perfectly acquainted with the facts, and communicated them to the Russian minister, who promptly notified the Tsung li yamên that "an alliance with Japan would be considered an unfriendly act." It thus became necessary to renounce the intention publicly, but to conclude it in such a manner as to leave no excuse for diplomatic interference. That this might be accomplished, it was indispensable to remove Russia's friend, Li Hung-Chang, from Peking.

Yano, the Japanese minister at Peking, succeeded where Sir Claude Macdonald, backed by England's prestige, had utterly and repeatedly failed. Yet it must have cost the Empress a severe pang to exile her old confidant and adviser. Li had stood between her and the "red-haired devils," and protected her from their contamination. To her had been his first visit when he returned from abroad—a breach of etiquette for which he had been soundly rebuked by the Son of Heaven. So long, however, as he remained in Peking, Japan's schemes must necessarily fail. Li perceived that his advice was no more followed, that he was no longer *persona grata* to the woman whom he had served to the best of his lights, and offered little opposition when he



LITTLE NIPPON AS CHINA'S BIG BROTHER.

was ordered to the south of the empire. His appointment to the viceroyalty of Kwang-tung (Canton) was a degradation and an exile, and Li accepted both with true Chinese stoicism.

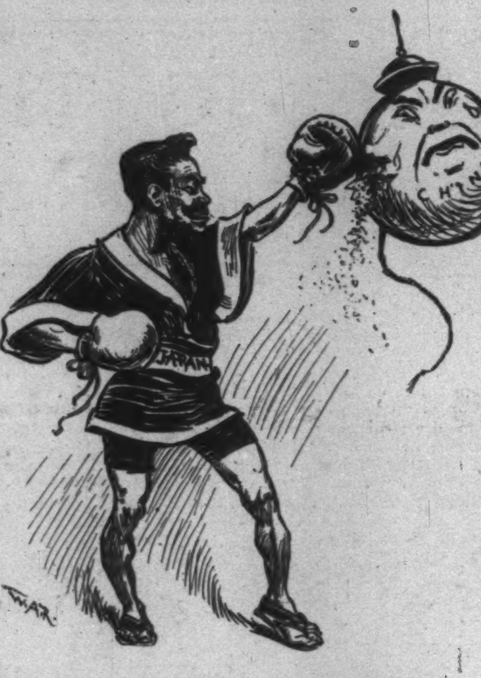
How did Russia accept the loss of influence and dismissal of her friend? No one, not even the most superficial observer, can fail to perceive the crushing blow dealt to Russian influence by Japan. To aggravate the situation, the Empress-Dowager appointed the successful minister of Japan, Yano, to the position of confidential adviser, and bestowed upon him the rank of a high mandarin. Yano, with the consent of his government, accepted, and announced publicly that "he would proceed to Japan to obtain instructions," at the same time resigning his position as minister. His statement was, therefore, equivalent to a declaration that, while entering into the service of China, he will continue to act exclusively under the direction of the Tokyo government. Can a closer alliance be possibly conceived?

The astounding diplomatic victory of Japan dwarfs into nothingness her spirit of aggression displayed in Korea.

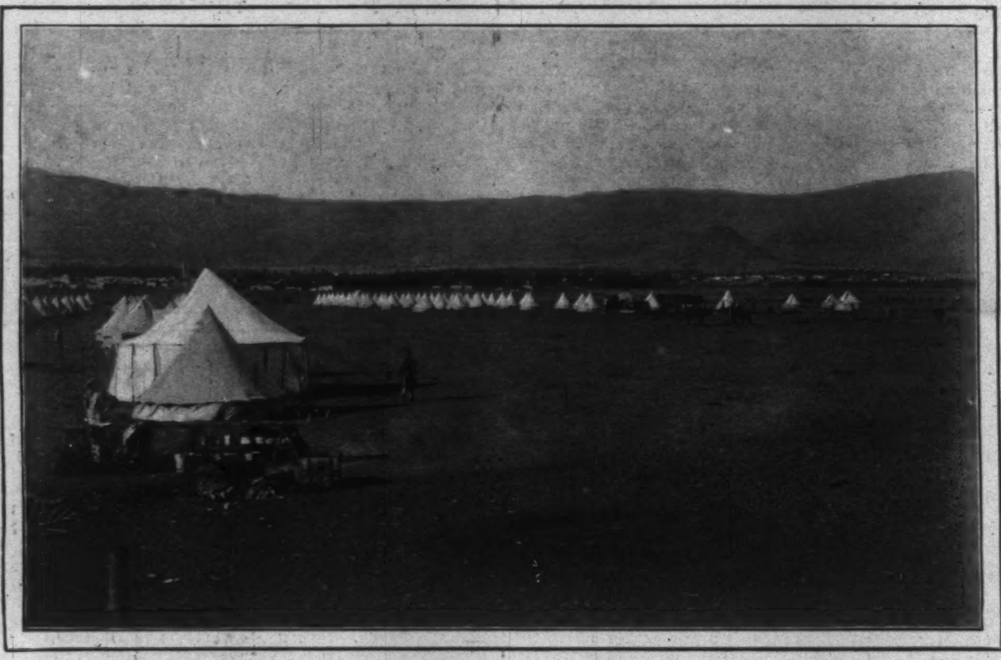
It may be a coincidence, but the visit or return of the Japanese minister at Seoul, Count Ito—not to be confounded with Marquis Ito—is certainly significant. It is esteemed as such by the Japanese press. A discussion is carried on as to whether he came for instructions, or if he will be succeeded by Hayashi. There is, however, no disagreement as to what policy shall be pursued. The utmost unanimity prevails that Japan shall maintain a determined—*i. e.*, an aggressive—foreign policy.

Russia *might* make concessions in the unimportant Malsampo affair; she *might*, purposely, fail to perceive the attempt at cleansing the Chinese Augeas stable, confident that corruption ingrained by the lapse of centuries, cannot be eradicated within a few years. She *might* trust to Chinese conservatism and deeply rooted abhorrence of military service to see the failure of the military school and army, managed by Japanese officers; she *might* even reason that no important reform can be effected before the trans-Siberian Railway is completed. But she *cannot* submit to the blow dealt to her prestige; and Japan understands thoroughly that, with the silent assumption of the guardianship of China, she has cast down the gauntlet. The immense territory in Asia annexed within the past twenty years was gained without force of arms by Russia's prestige alone. It is, then, no longer a dispute as to who shall possess poor Cho-sŏn, misnamed Land of the Morning Calm, but if Russia shall submit to the inauguration of Japan's avowed policy, Asia for the Asiatics, and thereby acknowledge the advent of a third leading power whose voice in Asiatic events shall obtain a respectful hearing.

Russia will undoubtedly endeavor to avert the contest at this time, provided her prestige be preserved. To Japan, on the contrary, any postponement of the unavoidable struggle portends increased danger. She will continue to strike at Russia's tender spot, her prestige, and when, aggravated beyond control, the first blow is struck by her foe, Japan will appeal to the world for sympathy in what she will term "the unequal contest." But the odds will be all on Japan's side. Her fleet greatly exceeds any that can be massed by Russia in the waters of the Pacific. Her army, the strength and sinew carefully picked from among the 45,000,000 of her inhabitants, will decidedly possess heavy numerical odds to any that Russia may lead against her; and of that army there is not a single soldier who is not aware of the cause of the war, or not imbued with a sense of personal injury. Japan's appeal for sympathy may succeed. In that case her slogan, Asia for the Asiatics, will be no longer an idle boast, and the world's history will enter upon a decidedly new stage. Hitherto the Caucasian family or race has been the centre of progress, the maker of history. With the advent of Japan, supported by her Mongolian kinsman, the genius of the Oriental must be taken into consideration, with a result which the mind shrinks from forecasting.



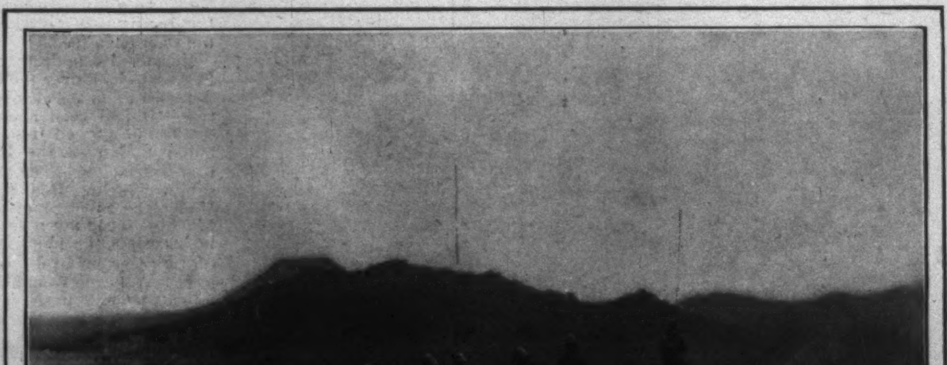
JUST TO TRY THE GLOVES.



GENERAL GATACRE'S CAMP AT QUEENSTOWN.
Photograph by Horace W. Nicholls.

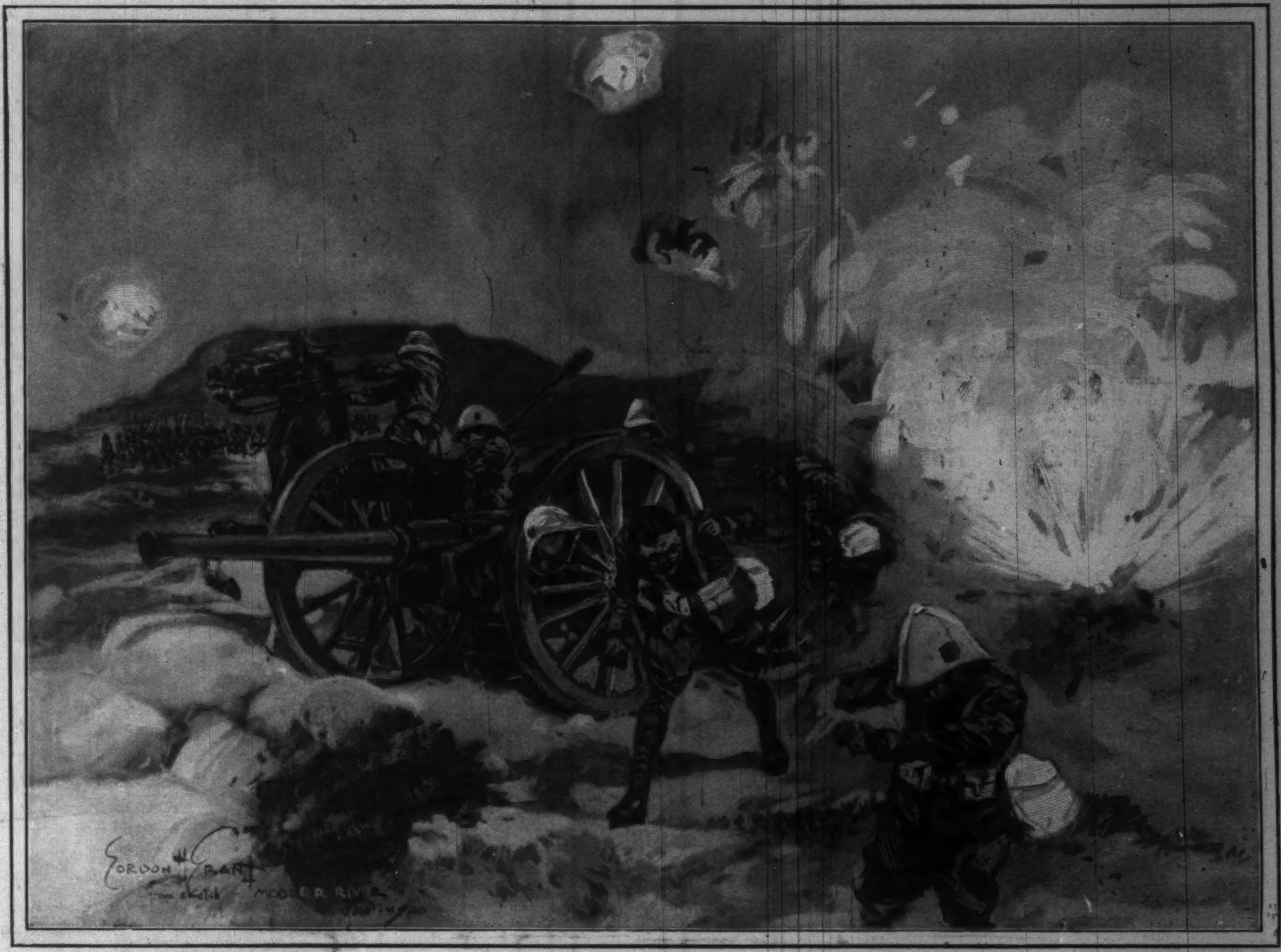
A BRITISH SHARPSHOOTER.

TROOPER OF THE IMPERIAL LIGHT HORSE.
Photograph by Horace W. Nicholls.



A ROYAL ARTILLERY 15-POUNDER IN ACTION NEAR RENSBURG.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.



THE FIGHT AT COLENSO, JANUARY 2.
A shell from a well-aimed Boer gun landing unpleasantly near a Royal Horse Artillery 12-pounder.

GRANT
MODDER RIVER

QUESTIONING NATIVE SPIES.

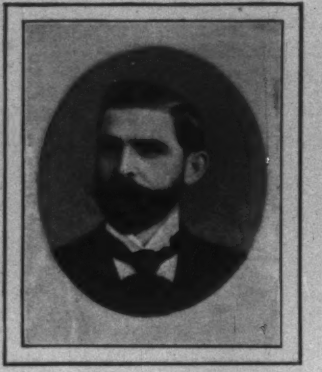
Harding, the guide to Lord Methuen's division, is trying to get information from Kafir boys that have been sent inside the Boer lines. The Kafir has a profound consideration for the Englishman's peace of mind, and will give no information calculated to disturb it. News which is likely to put his employer in a good humor he is quite willing to convey. Threats alone will make him tell all he knows.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Drawings by Gordon H. Grant, Special Artist in the Field for "Harper's Weekly."

DR. DIEGO TAMAYO,
Secretary of State and Government.

At the time of the breaking out of the last revolution he was one of the directors of the autonomist party of Havana, but refused to vote to support the government of Spain against the insurgents. This decision necessitated his removal to New York, where he took a prominent part in the direction of the revolutionary party.

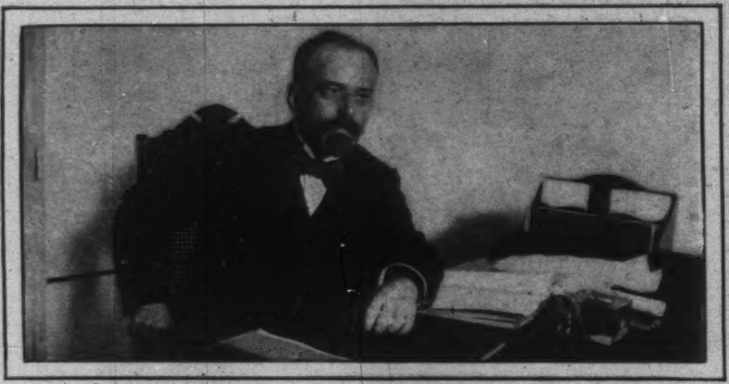


COL. SATURNINO LASTRA,
Chief of Internal Revenue.

He has combated that looseness, if not criminal negligence or absolute theft, which under the Spanish rule was an integral part of the system of tax collection in Cuba.

COL. ERNESTO FONTS STERLING,
Acting Auditor-General.

He was appointed by General Brooke. His administration of affairs has been so eminently satisfactory that he has been retained by General Wood. He has won the approval of the Governor by his persistent endeavors to establish harmony between the methods of the old régime and the requirements of the new.



DR. LUIS ESTEVEZ ROMERO,
Secretary of Justice.

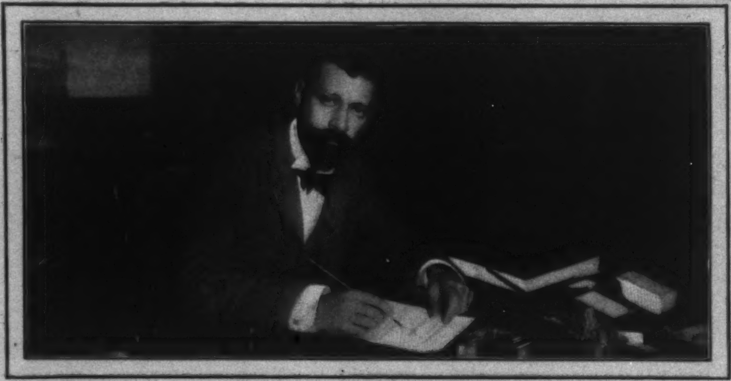
A man of wealth and unlimited experience, he is thoroughly versed in political economy, law, and jurisprudence. He contributed more money to the Cuban cause during the revolution than was given by any other individual—almost $200,000.

DR. ENRIQUE JOSÉ VARONA,
Secretary of the Treasury.

He is known throughout the Spanish-speaking world as a philosopher, an educator, a critic, and a littérateur. He was always an enthusiastic supporter of the Cuban revolution, and is one of the best-known men in Cuba among all classes of the people.

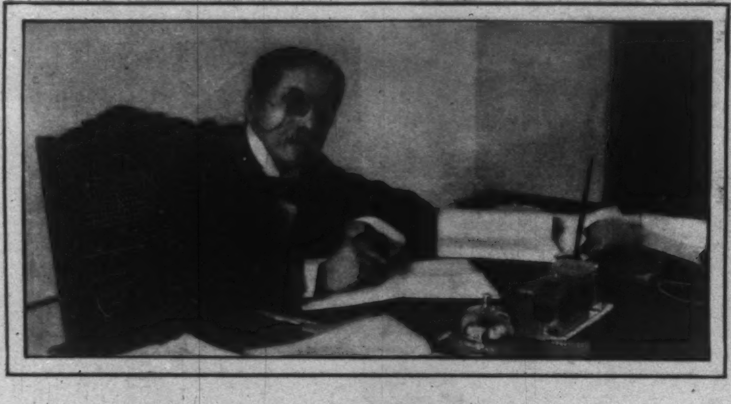
FERNANDO FIGUEREDO SOCARRAS.
Assistant Secretary of State and Government.

He was called from Cienfuegos, where he was connected with the Department of the Interior, to assume the important position which he now occupies. A large amount of the government work relative to state affairs passes through Mr. Socarras's hands daily.



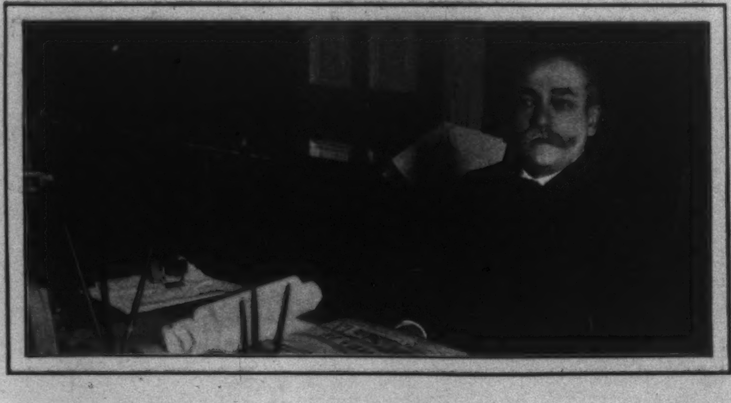
COL. JOSÉ RAMON VILLALON,
Secretary of Public Works.

Graduated from Lehigh University as a civil engineer, and was one of the first associates of José Marti at the time of the breaking out of the revolution. As Chief of Artillery under Maceo he took part in the hardest-fought battles of the Cuban war.



DR. JUAN HERNANDEZ BARREIRO,
Secretary of Public Instruction.

He was dean of the faculty of the University of Havana, and for many years past he has been recognized as one of the deepest thinkers and most learned men of the island. Of the entire cabinet, Dr. Barreiro is the only man from the city of Havana.



MAJ.-GEN. JUAN RUIS RIVERA,
Secretary of Agriculture, Industry, and Commerce.

He is well known in the United States, owing to the severe battles fought in Pinar del Rio immediately after the death of Antonio Maceo, whom he succeeded. He was subsequently captured and imprisoned for many months in the Cabañas fortress.

THE MEMBERS OF GOVERNOR-GENERAL LEONARD WOOD'S NEW CABINET, HAVANA, CUBA.

WHERE THE SOUTH-AFRICAN SHIPS COAL

NATIVE COSTUMES.

THE BEACH AT FUNCHAL.

OLD SPANISH FORT.

THE mail-steamers which sail between London and the Cape of Good Hope, on the way, put into port but once—at Funchal, in the island of Madeira. It is a voyage of three weeks from England to South Africa, and Funchal is but four days out from London, yet here it is that the ships coal. The reason for this is the extreme cheapness of labor in Madeira.

At Funchal there is no proper harbor—in fact, nothing more than an open roadstead, but it is on the lee side of the island from the prevailing wind. There are no wharves, derricks, nor coal-chutes, but the coaling is done by hand. Two large derelict hulls anchored a half-mile or more out from shore contain the coal. From these floating storehouses, sackful by sackful, the coal is lifted on to lighters and conveyed to the steamers. Again it is lowered into the holds of the waiting ships in the same laborious manner. The ships usually ride at anchor in Funchal Bay as quietly as in a landlocked harbor; but let an African wind be blowing, and it rolls in the waves and piles them up in great confusion in the bay, and coaling becomes as difficult as on the high-seas.

It is the native Portuguese that do the work of coaling, and for their labor per day each man receives four hundred *reis*, depreciated money—value, about twenty-nine cents.

And while they ply their antlike task, passengers aboard the steamers have time to land and visit the mediæval town of Funchal—its old city gate and fallen walls; stuccoed, tiled-roof houses with latticed windows, through which bright eyes forever peep; ruined fortresses, witnesses to invasion and successive occupations by foreigners; an ancient cathedral, historical churches, and depleted monasteries and convents. A few years ago there was still standing the house in which Columbus lodged, and in his room was a mullioned window, through which he must often have looked.

Steamer passengers are carried ashore in row-boats, oddly fashioned, with keel extended upright two feet above stern and stem. The dark-skinned Portuguese oarsmen, looking altogether like lusty pirates of ancient sea tales, are the entrée to the feast on land of things old-world.

Still more curious than the boats are the land conveyances, the carros. The streets are paved with cobblestones from the beach—wagonway, sidewalk, and all. These cobblestones are almost impossible for wheels and inured feet.

The carros (canopied sledges drawn by oxen) are best suited to the pebble pavements. Hammocks carried on the shoulders of men are used for crossing the steep mountain ridges of the island. There is also a cog-wheel railway—the one modern thing in Madeira—up the Mount of Pilgrimages. After two or three hours spent in Funchal there will still be time for the ascent of the mount before the coaling is finished and the ship ready to weigh anchor.

There is a church at the top of the mount, with two white towers, visible far out at sea; a hundred stone steps, up which on his knees the penitent must climb; and on the altar a statue reputed to have miraculously saved from shipwreck many a poor mariner who to her had made his vows before setting sail. But it is not for these the stranger makes the ascent. It is for the wonderful view, unfolding moment by moment as the car mounts higher, bringing into sight coast-line, bay, deep gorges, terraced vineyards, and mountain-peaks. The horizon widens out, and other islands appear, and distant ships look up over the rim. From the lofty shoulder of the mountain the world seems changed and unreal, and one feels as if he dreamed a beautiful dream or floated in mid-air. And this impression will long remain, and will not soon be forgotten, even when one is away again on the Atlantic Ocean.

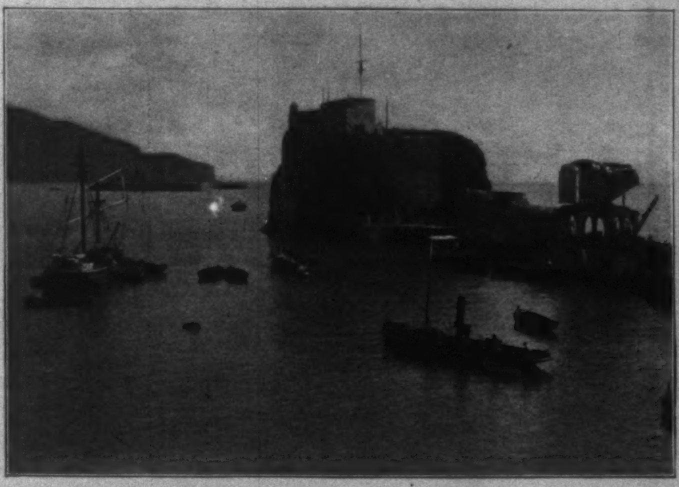
When the last sackful of coal is stored away in the bunkers of the ship, the tarpaulins removed, and the first whistle for departure sounded, it will be time to be going. Swift as toboggans the rope-guided sledges descend the mount, and four minutes after pushing off at the top they deposit their occupants on the beach. The boatmen will be waiting to hurry passengers aboard before the last signal for departure is given.

ABBY WOOD.

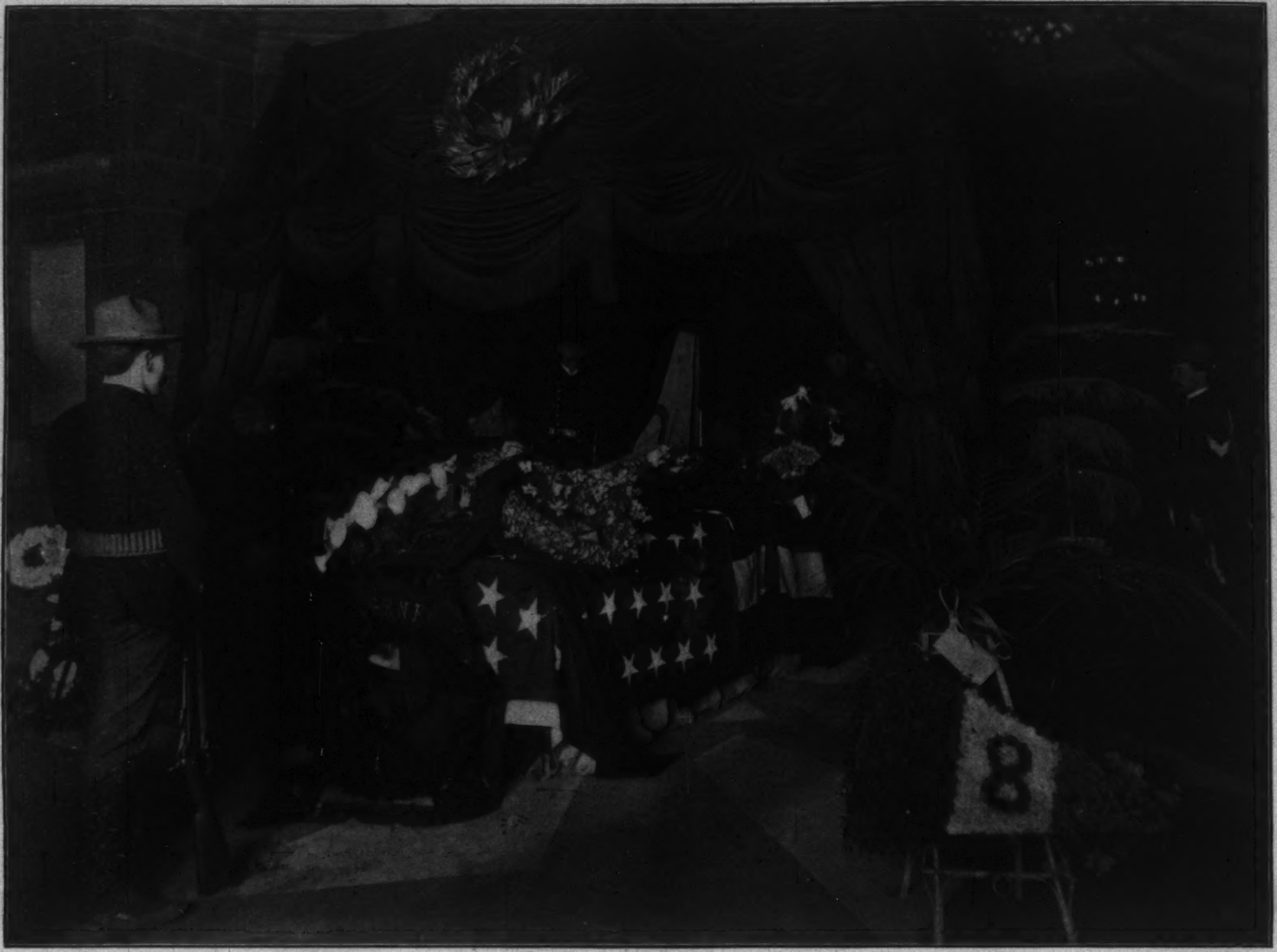
MOUNTAIN TRAVEL.

THE MOUNTAIN RAILWAY.

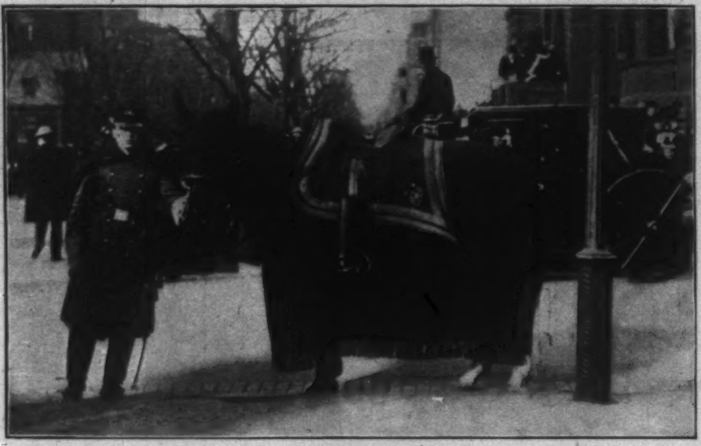
BELLO MONTE
A MADEIRA SLEDGE.


FUNCHAL BAY.

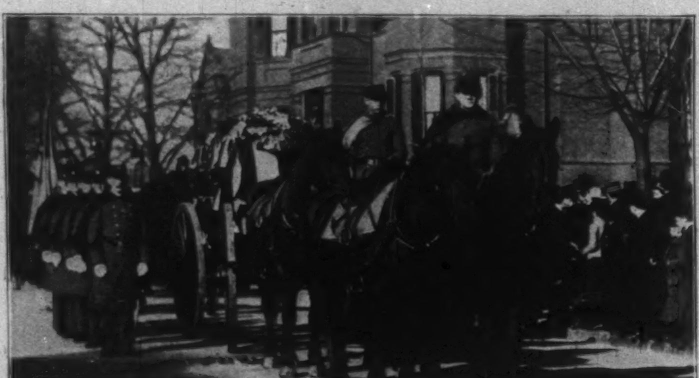
MADEIRA VINEYARDS.



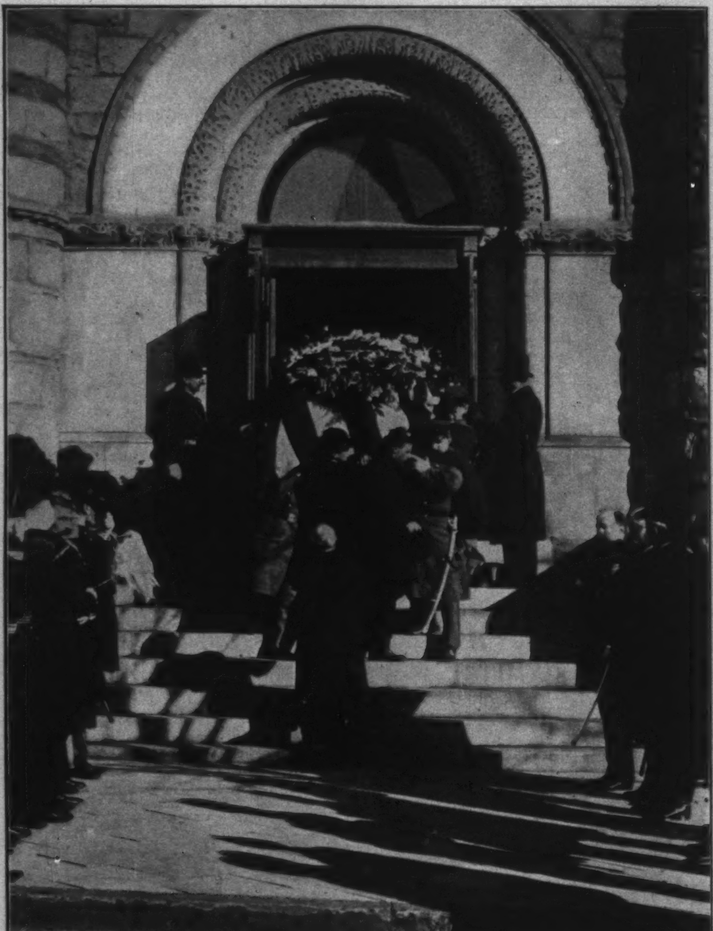
THE BODY LYING IN STATE IN THE CAPITOL, INDIANAPOLIS.



THE DUMB MOURNER.



THE FUNERAL CAISSON.



LEAVING THE CHURCH OF THE COVENANT.

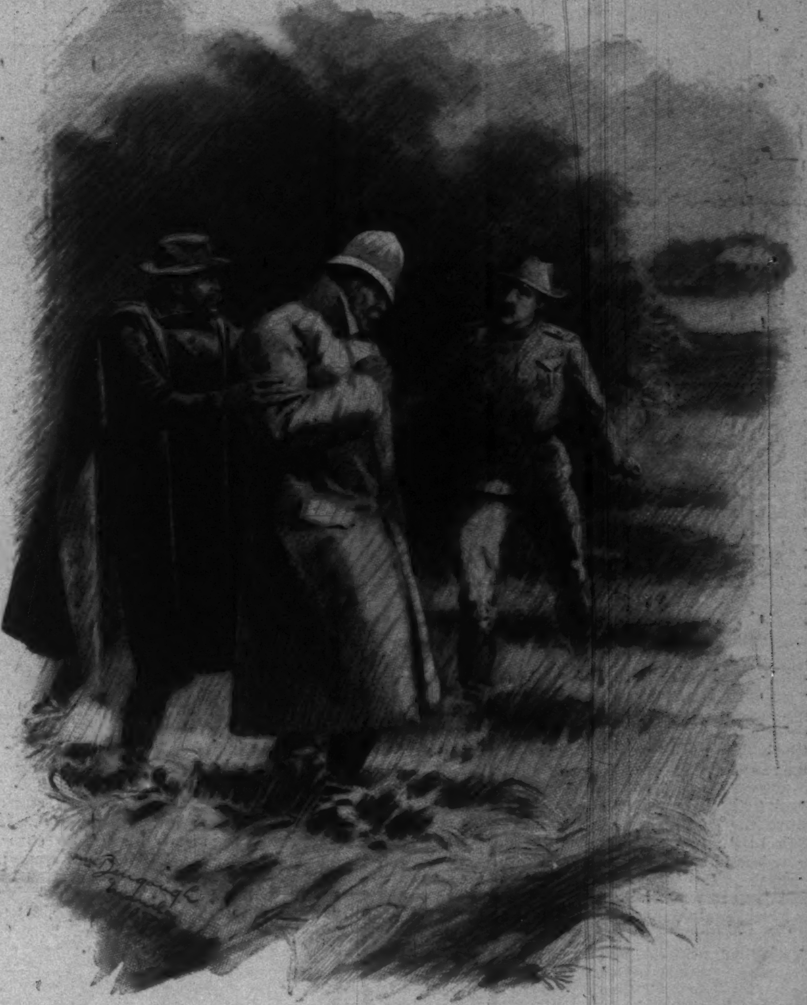
WASHINGTON, D.C.—THE FUNERAL OF MAJOR-GENERAL HENRY W. LAWTON, FEBRUARY 16, 1900.

GENERAL LAWTON'S LAST FIGHT

SAN MATEO DEC. 19, 1899

SAD as it may seem, General Lawton went to his death a disappointed man. He was ambitious, as are all military men, to be recognized and rewarded by his country for meritorious service. He wanted, above all things, to be made a brigadier in the regular service while he was actively campaigning in the field, and not made one by the favorite shelving process of putting an officer up a grade and then retiring him. General Otis knew that the President was ready to nominate him for this merited honor, but he kept silent, and let the greatest general who has been evolved in this campaign pass out of his presence, at his palatial home, into the sullen rain of night, to death, without uttering that word which would have meant so much to him.

Loyal to the centre of his great heart to every man who had gained his esteem, and to every man to whom he was subordinated in official life, he little understood the machinations and petty intrigues of other men in their struggle to win recognition by subtle dexterity of speech; by holding this commander back and shoving that one forward for political purposes, or the concealment of truth for fear it might injure an administration. In his honest mind, conditions confronting the army and the country were subjects to be frankly discussed, that the people might know the true inwardness of the new national problem we are attempting to unravel, so that from their comprehensive understanding there might emanate a definite, vigorous national policy. To him military men professionally were merely parts of a great machine for the preservation of the dignity and integrity of his country. He critically analyzed the ability of men to rise to the needs of an immediate situation, and demanded they should see far into the future, else he cast them out as flawed machinery, unsuited for the work in hand. His moral uprightness resented the governmental tendency to appoint unsuitable men to military position and to give promotions to those with the most political friends. Either a man was capable or he was a failure. That he was a cultured society man, that his father was or had been a man of marked prominence, that he was a man who controlled so many votes in the Committee on Military Affairs, or that he had in past time been a brilliant fighter, formed no part in his mental equation. To be accepted he must be the man who could do the right thing promptly, at the right time, and with energy, be his father a blacksmith or a statesman.



DEATH OF GENERAL LAWTON ON THE FIELD AT SAN MATEO.

DRAWN BY WILLIAM BENGOUGH, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

Such was the mental attitude of the man who sat in the beautiful rooms of his tropical home, within sight and hearing of the swiftly moving waters of the Pasig River, on the night of December 18, 1899. Around him in the great room studded with massive gold-framed mirrors, with walls hung in handsome draperies, and from whose polished floors the softened light of crystal chandeliers was reflected back over tinted foliage plants and handsome carved furniture, were his devoted wife, Mrs. Colonel Liscum, Major Rogers of his staff, who accompanied him on his expedition, and myself.

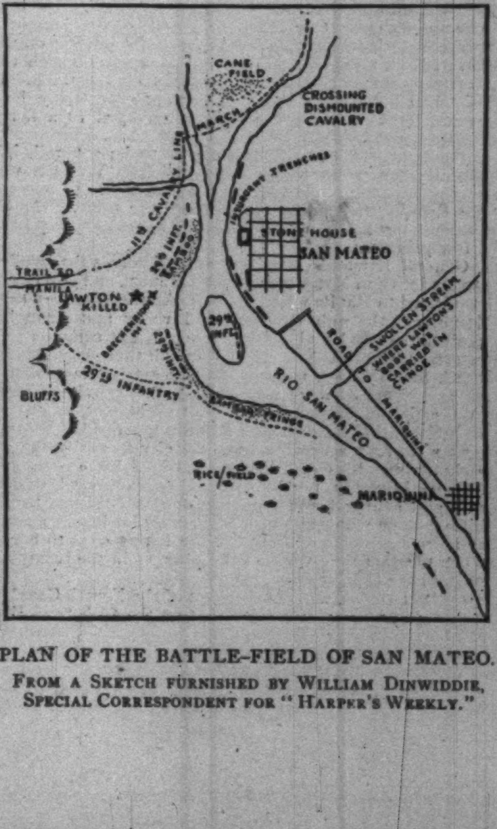
He was dressed for the field, and his massive figure, in rough campaign clothes, seemed to stand out the bolder amid these luxurious surroundings. He was not very talkative, but sat absorbed and silently thinking, unheeding the play of small-talk around him. The rain beat down monotonously, with now and then a gust of wind which drove it rattlingly against the closed blinds. He roused himself to listen to the elements, and then became again lost in thought.

"General," I asked, "is the insurrection over?" He turned, instantly interested, and replied: "Why, you know more about the situation than I do! You must remember that I have been away two months, out of touch with events, on as hard a campaign as an army ever made. The insurgent army is dispersed and broken up in the territory that I have passed through, and we will keep it running if our troops are not withdrawn. What do you think about it?"

I answered: "At the Palace they are confident that the end is very near. One newspaper man at least has committed himself unequivocally by the statement that all organized resistance is over. I have not been willing to go so far, and I should like very much to hear your judgment. You know," I continued, "it would be quite a diplomatic stroke if I might quote you as saying the insurrection is over."

I may state, parenthetically, that my relations with the general through the Cuban and Philippine campaigns had become of such nature that he was always willing to talk more or less confidentially. He sat and studied a moment, and then replied: "I would like to say that, and when I can do so honestly I will. I want to think over the situation for a few days. The fact is I do not know yet whether this insurrection is over or just begun." He leaned toward me and earnestly added: "This organized resistance business has been a bubble. There has never been a moment when we could not have chased the insurgents all over the island if we had gone after them. When General Young reached Taguig and telegraphed me, 'The bubble is pricked,' I knew that the backbone of the insurrection was broken. The same thing could have been done last spring when I went to San Isidro." He broke out suddenly with: "Why call the insurrection over if it requires an army of sixty-five thousand to preserve the peace? They have not surrendered."

The conversation drifted into other channels, and the major told some of Mr. Dooley's stories in inimitable brogue, delighting the general immensely. The general twitted and teased his wife and Mrs. Liscum, and I came in for a share of the raillery for having had "cold feet" and deserting his last expedition.



PLAN OF THE BATTLE-FIELD OF SAN MATEO.

FROM A SKETCH FURNISHED BY WILLIAM DINWIDDIE, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

I asked him if he had heard anything about his appointment as brigadier in the regular army. "Not a word," he replied. "I do not believe they intend to make me one now. My friends have asked the President to make me a brigadier and retire me, but I do not want them to do that. If the President believes I deserve it, he will give it to me; otherwise he will let some other fellow have it. You see, I am a soldier and not a politician, and it may be that I do not know how to please them. The President has always, however, expressed great confidence in me. They have got me cowed, Dinwiddie. I am afraid to talk, for fear of saying the wrong thing, and if I don't talk, some newspaper man prints an interview with me anyway."

It may be said that General Lawton always consistently refused to be interviewed for publication, and his statement, which was carefully qualified, that a hundred thousand men would ultimately be needed in the Philippines afterwards caused him much worry, because he was set upon by General Otis, and somewhat by the department, for making incautious utterances.

It neared the hour of twelve, and Captain Stewart had come; booted and spurred, he clanked up the marble staircase, dripping with rain, to report that the cavalry escort was in the street. The general appealed to him, as he had done to all of us during the evening, asking if he did not believe it would stop raining. General Otis in the early evening had suggested that the movement be called off on account of the weather, but with General Lawton a plan conceived was a plan to be executed without being delayed by a few hours of bad weather, and he requested that he be permitted to carry the operation through to a finish, to which General Otis acquiesced.

A few moments before the general said his good-byes the conversation turned on the crisis in the Transvaal. His eyes brightened, and looking toward his wife, he exclaimed: "I'll go down there when I get through with this. They know how to fight, and that's what I like." His wife answered: "No, you will not, dear. You're going home with me to southern California to raise oranges. That is good enough for us." He stood watching her an instant, and spoke, as if repeating after her, "Yes, that's good enough for us."

I had asked the general if he thought it would be well for me to go with him, and he answered: "No, I think not. There probably will be no fighting; at most just a skirmish. I am going up with the troops to garrison San Mateo, and will come right back. General Otis has not accepted my plan for a campaign on the south yet." It was that little skirmish that lost our country a hero.

The general passed out of his house into a blackness of night, which was broken only here and there by ghastly white patches from the fluttering arc-lights. The streets ran deep in water, and the heavy lowering clouds poured down their moisture in a steady drizzle. His tall form on horseback led the cavalcade; on his head was his famous white helmet, and his frame was encompassed by a long yellow slicker. Behind him were his aides, Sewell and Breckenridge and Major Rogers. Behind them came Stewart, with Troop I of the Fourth Cavalry, which had acted as the general's personal body-guard on many a hard and weary march.

The fighting force of the expedition was to leave the pumping-station of Manila's water-works, four miles out of the city, at midnight, and proceed up the right bank of the stream, past the town of Mariquina (which we have taken a few odd times and relinquished), until opposite San Mateo, where the insurgents have lived in undisputed possession since our defeat ten months ago. The troops were two squadrons—one mounted and one dismounted—of the Eleventh Cavalry, under Colonel Locket; two battalions of the Twenty-ninth Infantry, under Colonel Sargeant; and one battalion of the Twenty-seventh, under Major Bryam.

General Lawton went out of the city by way of La Loma Church, where so many Filipinos lay dead after the desperate conflict of last February. A pall of darkness had fallen over the party as they left the scattering lights of the city behind. No sound was heard except the sodden thud of the horses' feet in the narrow muddy road and the champ of bits as the animals fretfully tossed their heads. Now and again some trooper muttered a curse as the mud splashed to his cheek, and he wiped it away with a swish of his water-trickled hand. Farther and farther they pulled the brims of their battered campaign hats over their eyes to protect their faces and necks from the driving rain. The moon came up behind the heavy clouds, and men who could not before be seen became black silhouettes against a heavy gray sky. The great

GENERAL LAWTON BIDDING FAREWELL TO HIS FAMILY IN MANILA UPON HIS DEPARTURE FOR THE FRONT.

From a photograph by William Dinwiddie, Special Correspondent for "Harper's Weekly."

white dome of the church hung seemingly suspended above the black earth like a huge ball.

At half past two King, his most trusted personal aide, and Fuller, ordnance officer, who had been sent ahead to instruct the troops, joined the general's party. It may not be amiss to say that Captain King has been with the general since the beginning of the Cuban campaign. His relations have been of the most confidential nature. He has received the approval of the general over and over again for his conspicuous gallantry in the field, where he has been with him in every engagement, and lastly it was in his arms that Lawton died.

Hour after hour they rode, each one seeming longer than the preceding, as the men shifted their frail ponchos in vain endeavors to shed the water, and only became wetter and more chilled. Just before the light of morning grayed the melancholy sky their ears caught the oozy splashing of marching men ahead of them. It was the rear column of the troops from the water-works plunging doggedly forward toward San Mateo.

At half past six the light of day began to come, and the weary force found themselves at the crest of the great bluff escarpment, six hundred yards from the silent town, and separated therefrom by a river. Not a moment did General Lawton lose in putting the troops into motion to surround and attack the village. Colonel Locket, with the Eleventh Cavalry, was ordered to move to the left above the town, ford the river, and attack on the north. His mounted troops were to move several miles up before fording, so as to cut off the retreat of the enemy in that direction; while the dismounted men were to cross at the first available opportunity, and take the insurgent trenches, which lined the river-bank, in reverse. The Twenty-ninth Infantry, under Colonel Sargeant, were to move down to the right, attract the enemy's attention, and engage them; but the right wing of his deployed line was to ford the river and execute a flank movement to the south of the village. Major Byram, with the Twenty-seventh, was to fill the centre of the line, and re-enforce if necessary.

The execution of this movement was no easy task. The troops were in a narrow trail sixty feet above the small alluvial flood-plain, and down to this lower level led merely a slippery, mud-bound foot-path. To their left in this bottom-land stretched a great cane-field. In their front and to the right were rice-fields flooded knee-deep in water. The view of the town was quite open in the centre, but on each side great bamboo fringes raised their fantastic feathery shafts, and afterwards proved of great protection to our men, as they lay within two hundred yards of the enemy, under a galling fire.

The cavalry, in single file, slipped and floundered down the path, and plunged northward through the rice-fields. The foot-troops had barely begun to move into this path, one man slipping, and bowling down half a dozen ahead of him, when ragged rattling reports of small-arms began, and the insurgents could be seen piling into the trenches pell-mell, all dressed in white clothes.

As the Twenty-ninth moved across the open rice-field the fire steadily grew louder, seemingly all Mausers, and the bullets swept high, to bury themselves in the sides of the bluff, or to go even higher, surging into the country beyond.

Below San Mateo the river divided to flow around a tiny densely verdured island, and from the rear of this protection the troops moved as hastily as men can move with their legs pulling from sticky mud and water like suction-pumps.

General Lawton and his aides came straight across the rice-field toward the now clearly visible trenches. He gave orders now to one and then to another of his aides, which they sped off to execute, apparently not noticing the bullets that hissed closely by the little party. He watched the trenches through his field-glasses, and remarked on the construction of one trench, where it ran abutting against a stone building, surrounded by a heavy wall.

Some one remarked, as the fire grew hotter, "General, I believe they're shooting at you." He laughed slightly, more a grim smile than anything else, and replied, "Don't bunch, and keep moving." Suddenly young Breckenridge jumped into the air, whirled around a time or two, and exclaimed, "General, they've got me!" and then fell down. The general was instantly at his side, and with the aid of King, Fuller, and Rogers carried him to the left into a little gulch, where they were partially screened from the fire. "Find a surgeon!" the general commanded, and Fuller ran toward the Eleventh Cavalry to find one, but failed. King saw a surgeon to the right, and came back, bringing Dr. Beardsley of the Eleventh Cavalry with him. As the doctor examined the wounded man, General Lawton stepped out into the rice-field again to watch the progress of his troops, and was joined by Lieutenant Fuller a moment afterwards, who remarked, as he came up, "General, Breckenridge is not mortally hurt." The general looked at him calmly, as a bullet passed by their faces, and replied: "Oh, I knew that. When a man is mortally hit it knocks him down, and his face becomes ashy pale and drawn around the nose, and then black rings come under his eyes."

The bullets got closer and closer, and the general finally said, as they spitefully dug into the ground or sent jets of water into the air: "I am afraid this is not a good place for a general. I always like to be on the firing-line when I can be the least bit of good, but to-day I am going to let somebody else do it."

He turned away into the bushes, and followed the path toward the top of the bluff, leaving his aides to execute his final orders. How far he went to the rear no one knows.

King and Fuller were hurrying back from opposite directions to bring him information concerning the location of the forces, when, to their surprise, they saw him calmly walking over the open rice-field alone, lifting his glasses from time to time as some object of interest caught his unassisted eye.

He towered above the landscape, giant that he was, with his yellow slicker trailing to his feet like a gown. The water streamed from his white helmet in the steady downpour of rain.

Suddenly, when they were within twenty feet of him, he brushed his hand before his left breast, as if stung by an insect, turned his head slightly, and spat a clot of blood; the single exclamation "God!" came from his lips.

King, the man who idolized this brave soldier, sprang forward with a cry touched with agony, exclaiming, "General, are you hurt?" He answered, in a natural voice, "I'm hit." King questioned back, "Where?" and the general replied, "Through the lungs." These were the last words this wonderful man uttered—a man who was the dominating spirit, though not the highest in rank, of the army of the Philippines. He swayed backward and forward, clinching his nails into the palms of his hands in one mighty effort to stand on his feet, and then fell into King's and Fuller's arms—into the arms of men who in their loyalty and devotion would have sacrificed their own lives gladly to save the other.

Dr. Beardsley had seen the tragedy from where he was binding Breckenridge's ugly wounds in arm and rib, and rushed to the general's side. Slowly he turned his head with tightly clinched teeth, fighting for life; his mouth burst open, and from it gushed the fountain of his life's blood in one great stream. Backward he sank tighter in the arms of his aides. Lawton, the commander of men, was dead, though his heart throbbed on for some three minutes, emptying with every pulsation the arteries of his gigantic frame of the blood which gave him health and force and mentality. The hour was a few minutes of nine o'clock, the nineteenth day of December, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and ninety-nine.

A mighty cheer rose from the throats of the American troops as Colonel Sargeant's men broke from cover on the little island they had gained, and charged through the waters of the swollen stream straight on the town. If they had but known the commanding general lay dead behind them, that cry would have changed to a fierce shout for vengeance.

The fight was over. It cost us one major-general's life and thirteen wounded men and officers. While it was only a skirmish, it took two and a half hours to execute the flanking movement and capture the town. The insurgents lost half a dozen killed, and the cavalry captured a few prisoners.

General Lawton's body was carried across the swollen stream into San Mateo with great difficulty, and two couriers started to Manila with the news. All the afternoon they floundered through the mud and water and struggled against the wind and pelting rain. Night came on prematurely, and in the darkness they felt their way Manilaward, foot by foot, making détours around each native village, where lights of candles crept through the crevices in the tightly barred houses. At eight o'clock on the 19th General Otis knew that Lawton was dead. Messengers were sent scurrying over the city to notify the remaining members of Lawton's staff of his death; and Colonel Edwards, the trusted adjutant-general, with a sore and aching heart, bore the dreadful tidings to the little woman who waited for her soldier husband's return, and dreamed betweentimes of the happy days to come, when together they would raise oranges in the balmy air of southern California.

Colonel Hayes, with four troops of the Fourth Cavalry, was ordered to move by daylight on the 20th from Passay barracks, below Manila, to Mariquina, and protect the general's body on its way to the city.

The incessant rain had swollen the streams to such an extent that fears were felt by those at San Mateo that they would not be able to send the body in, but instant preparations were begun. No transportation had gone with the command, and not a mouthful of food had the troops had for twenty-four hours, except that which they foraged from the empty houses of the town. A covered two-wheeled quilez was found, and its oil-cloth top and stanchions were broken off for General Lawton's hearse. His body, lying on a stretcher, swathed in looted sheeting and army blankets, was strapped into position over the wheels, and following behind this crude vehicle came a string of wounded in other two-wheeled conveyances drawn by captured prisoners, all guarded by Stewart's band of sorrowing men.

A short distance below San Mateo a rushing stream blocked progress, and as no easy ford was discovered, the body was unlashed and taken over in a narrow teetering canoe. The carts were floated over, one by one, and the funeral march again began. No resistance was met with at Mariquina, though it was necessary to advance on the town cautiously, thus losing much time. It was night when the pumping-station was reached, and as the river was a foaming, raging torrent, it was necessary to await daylight before attempting the perilous crossing.

It was here on the morning of the 20th that Colonel Hayes met the returning party, but hours were spent in getting the funeral cortége over the river, and not until half past three did the closely curtained ambulance draw through the gates of the Manila home and give back to the wife all that remained of Major-General Henry W. Lawton.

Outside the gate stood the general's twelve-year-old son—a delicate little chap who has accompanied his father on expedition after expedition, but was left behind this time on account of the weather. The boy worshipped the father, as the father did the son. After a hard day's work, when the general had not had a moment's rest and was in his least communicative mood, his boy would turn the tide of feeling, and from within the doors of his headquarters room the staff would hear the general laughing as the youngster told, with the enthusiasm of youth, some happening of the day. Poor little chap! He stood, pale as death, staring up the long white road, waiting for that procession. He made but one remark—"I can't bear to see him come home"; and every soldier around him choked something down in his throat and furtively put his hand to his eyes. One sight of the column with a single ambulance between, and the boy, so much a man, was a child wrecked with grief.

They have deposited his earthly remains in the secluded little chapel of Paco cemetery, and over the roof the great boughs of mimosa-trees slowly rustle in the air, and below at the door a sentry's even footsteps pace to and fro. We are, with military honors, guarding the body whose soul has fled.

The nation will take him back to his own fair country; they will bury him with high pomp and ceremony on the rolling hill-sides of Arlington, overlooking the nation's capital, and great guns will bellow with hollow sounds the last salute to the hero; but, after all, how paltry a nation's grief compared to that of the woman who looks forward only to reunion in heaven, though she breathes: "It cannot be true. It seems as if Henry must come home to me once more."

William Dinwiddie.

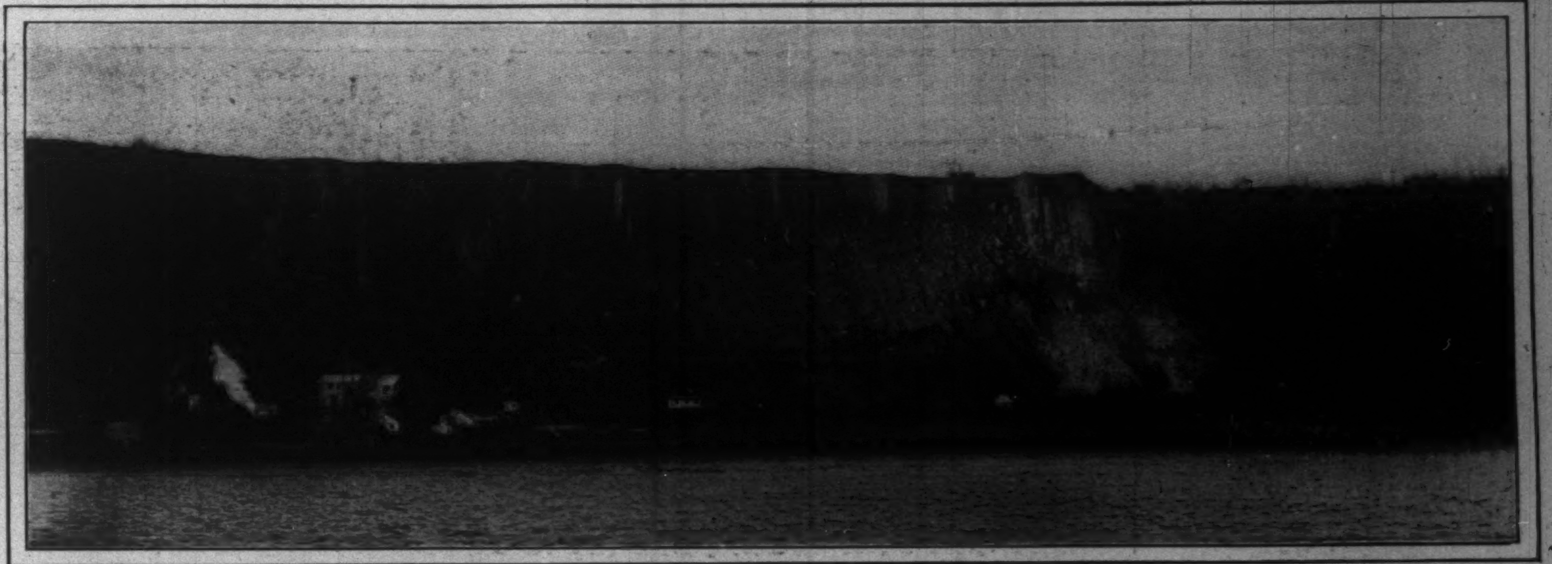
Saving the Palisades

THE broad gleam of the Hudson shining far down to New York Bay, the imposing heights of Riverside Park, and the banks above and below Lafayette Boulevard, as far as the entrance to Spuyten Duyvil and beyond, all compose themselves into a picture which in itself has rare distinction; but nature determined to surpass in this case her own most excellent standards by framing this entrancing vision of sky, water, and hills in the Palisades.

From the deck of a steamer sailing up the Hudson the dignity and nobility of the river appeal to one profoundly, and we stand gazing in awe at the stately ramparts that flank its western borders for more than a dozen miles. Nor is its stateliness diminished, in the mind of the observer, by the human element that permeates the eastward half of the picture; on the contrary, the mind is expanded and elevated by the very contrast that serves to kindle the imagination by its vividness and fascinating variety of interest.

Verrazano, the first discoverer of the Hudson River, or Henry Hudson, who gave it his name, could hardly have contemplated so interesting a scene as it presents us now, for then this human element was lacking. Impressive must have been the view in the highest degree, and beautiful with an elusive charm that only pure and untouched nature can afford; but the loneliness of these rock ramparts must have been so profound that the mind would droop under their immensity. Life and cheerfulness did not lend their attractions to the scene as they do now.

The scope of these attractions is not generally known. From the deck of a boat on the river the lover of natural beauty can realize but a small part of the beauty of the Palisades. As with the unapproachable charm of the human countenance, one will find that to know the beautiful spirit of this region he must reverently seek to be initiated into the secrets of its moods and phases of expression at all seasons of the year. To one who has been thus educated to perceive this ineffable beauty the loudly expressed praise of the ordinary traveller will seem irreverent, almost vulgar. The silent bowing of the head and lifting of the hat in reverence for the great exhibition are more appropriate than any voluble commendations.



VIEW OF THE PALISADES FROM THE NEW YORK SHORE.

As may be seen from the accompanying illustrations, it is not alone the sheer gulf of rock, hundreds of feet deep, that gives distinctive nobility and grandeur to the scene; nor is it the shore-line, nor the long intervales, amphitheatres, or bays of sloping forest-land; nor yet the bold and impressive sweeps of both horizontal and vertical sky-line—though each and all of them have a unique value; but it is the broad pictures of majestic natural harmony that the eye gathers to itself as it turns north and south, revelling in the brilliant sunlight shining in a gleaming pathway down the river, or resting pensively on the mysterious gloom and shadows of the southward-trending uplands. The imagination is enkindled by the fairylike vision of the great city beyond, its lower parts veiled in dimness and mist, its domes, golden-tinted and soaring, and its white habitations rising tier on tier, until they seem to lift themselves into some heavenly domain of spirits. The sin and crime and shame and worldliness seem all passed away, and the great floating vision of lustrous white abodes looms across the broad and shining river as though it were some spirit-land, and human beings had been momentarily vouchsafed a glimpse of ineffable loveliness.

Then, as the eye turns reluctantly back to the earth-rooted columns and iron-bound precipices of the Palisades, one feels as though he were at the portals of some grand approach to a city of unimagined magnificence. He gazes at the painting of Nature on the mighty face of vertical rock walls, at the swelling masses of foliage that seem to float at intervals in softly rising lines from the shore to the crest of the cliff, at the bold headlands cutting the sky, and finally at the winding beach that serves to accentuate the majestic flow that characterizes the Hudson above all rivers.

The writer confesses that at such moments his exaltation of spirit leads him off into regions from which he with difficulty returns to the consideration of ordinary affairs. Yet the whole scene is intensely human, for within a few leagues' distance are crowded together four millions of incessantly active human beings; and here at their feet is magnificent natural scenery, which, together with the imposing city on its hills, makes a combination which has nothing to surpass it, in its own special splendor and dignity, in the whole round world.

But when human qualities appear on the scene the faults and dangers of these qualities come with them. With admiration comes depredation. Men praise and celebrate the glories of the Palisades, but at the same time they clutch at the material profits to be gained by destroying them. These noble headlands, which have been so long known as the pride and glory of the nation, they blast into fragments of trap-rock for building roads.

People say all this is true, and doubtless deplorable; yet what is one headland destroyed, as at the Carpenters' quarries at the Indian Head bluff, to the hundreds that remain in the twelve miles' extent of the Palisades? And does not Nature herself in her rugged processes rend and tear asunder unnumbered tons of rock wall?

The answer is that the value of the loss of a single bit of this unrivalled natural scenery is inestimable. It is so great that sooner or later there will come a time here, as there has already come elsewhere, when vast sums will be expended to save the mere remains of these natural heritages of the nation, and no man, whatever the necessity of his business, will be allowed to continue their destruction.

As to the destructive work of crumbling and rending effects of the snow and ice and water in its various forms—Nature knows how to take care of her own. If she thrusts down a column of rock, she breaks it in lines which develop wonderful combinations of shadow and deep unfathomed mystery, such as may be seen in the illustration looking southward at Ruckman's Point. If she tumbles down blocks along the slopes of the Palisades, she paints their surface with colors that surpass that of any artist's canvas, and in a hundred ways contrives to preserve their essential beauty and charm.

It is a fact, now too long recognized to be denied or minimized at this late day, that quarries are steadily corroding and obliterating some of the most beautiful points of the Palisades, and too much stress cannot be laid on the importance of protecting from vandalism one of the most precious heritages of the State. Yet the most cogent reasons for securing the Palisades forever by right of condemnation under State laws lie deeper than any question of vandalism; for it must have been long evident to every thoughtful person that the Palisades should be preserved without delay as a great public park, and its scenery brought within easy reach of the poorest citizen. Meanwhile, what can be done with those who are defacing and destroying this picture? Social ostracism is a weapon that cannot be applied to large classes of men, as a college president has lately proposed to do; but it may well be applied to the evil-doers in a case so clear as this.

The steps that have been taken recently, whereby bills have been introduced, at both Albany and Trenton, under the patronage of the respective Governors of New York and New Jersey, for the purpose of securing the Palisades for park purposes, promise well for success; but whether the land be secured in this way, or, as the writer has often thought might be done, by the individual efforts of one or several rich men, matters little; the primary question is how to secure an intelligent establishment of boundaries and a suitable scheme for treatment of the interior.

Before attempting to consider what portion to take of the Palisades, it will be well to ponder the problems of treatment that will arise, and to fix its underlying principles in the mind.

As the visitor stands at any prominent place, such as Ruckman's Point, or the singularly effective road leading down to Englewood Dock, and looks up and down the river, he at once feels that there is a definite boundary-line or frame to the Palisades, of which the State should have control. This seems evidently to come nearly everywhere between the shore-line and the extreme verge or crest of the sheer vertical rock-line, which is in all directions clearly and positively defined. Any boundaries that do not secure the virtual control of this frame-work will not secure for the public the real picture of the Palisades.

The other underlying principle that should always control in this essentially artistic work of fixing the boundaries and treating the surface of the Palisades must be kept in view at the same time, because the two are interdependent. It is the conscientious and loving retention of every inch of the different features of the territory, whether it be shore, talus or wooded slope, or sheer rock and crest line. Any building, roadway, or artificial construction whatever that is allowed to intrude itself into the heart of nature in the Palisades is a blot on its fair surface, for which nothing can give excuse except the actual needs of visitors. Even then the structures should be of rustic stone and wood, and hidden away in the folds and wrinkles of the land, and, above all, the shore-line should be left as nearly free as possible from docks, retaining-walls of roads, and artificial structures of all kinds.

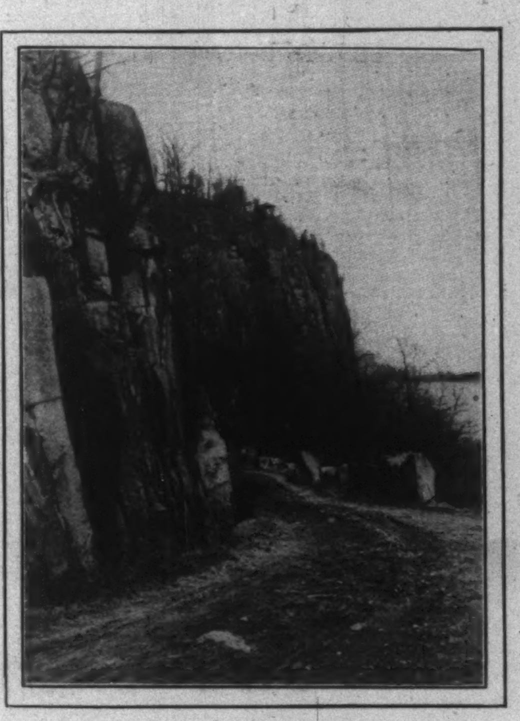
The more the hand of man is kept from making itself evident in this primeval wilderness the better, where one may now travel many miles without recognizing indications of human life. Doubtless all this instinctive reverence for the pure nature of the Palisades will occur readily enough to any one. But it should do more than gain a passing recognition, for it will need to become an almost passionate principle among all those who have the welfare of the Palisades at heart, in order to arm them with the persistent resolution to stand undaunted for Nature against the assaults on her sanctity that are sure to arise in any public undertaking to preserve them as a park.

The necessity for a road to reach and enjoy the scenery, which, as we have seen, is as picturesque and various in its effects as that of some Colorado cañon, will be evident to every one; but here the most important principle of the proper treatment of the territory should be always kept in view. There should be no attempt to alter and dress up Nature, except to preserve her from undue decay and to remove deforming rubbish. Every effort should be made to devise and lead along on agreeable lines a public road that will fit itself into the ground on easy grades, and afford the most sympathetic revelation of the scenery.

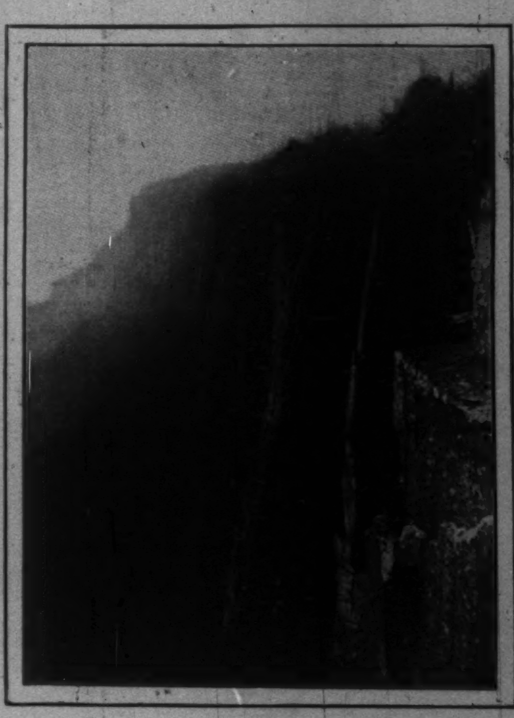
In order to accomplish this the road should be as narrow as the requirements of travel will permit, and should be protected or sustained by natural-looking piles of rock—never, unless absolutely necessary, by formal lines of masonry; and, above all, the rippling water-line—the chief beauty of the shore—should be kept, as far as possible, intact. The road should leave the shore at intervals in a seemingly desultory manner, and creep and wander up in long curves to the base of the vertical rock wall, there to gain, in their fullest effect, the oblique glimpses of these wonderful ramparts—a point of view which is always interesting, whether it is of the human countenance, the human character, or the sublimest effects of natural scenery.

To sum up the measures that should control the effort to protect and retain the Palisades as a public park forever, it may be said that the two most important requirements are the appointment of a commission by the Legislatures of New York and New Jersey to lay out intelligently the boundaries of the proposed reservation, after exhaustive and sympathetic study of the territory, and then, and most important of all, to foster the most vigilant and enlightened public spirit, which shall be always on guard against the ceaseless and relentless encroachments of selfish human interests on the natural beauty of the Palisades.

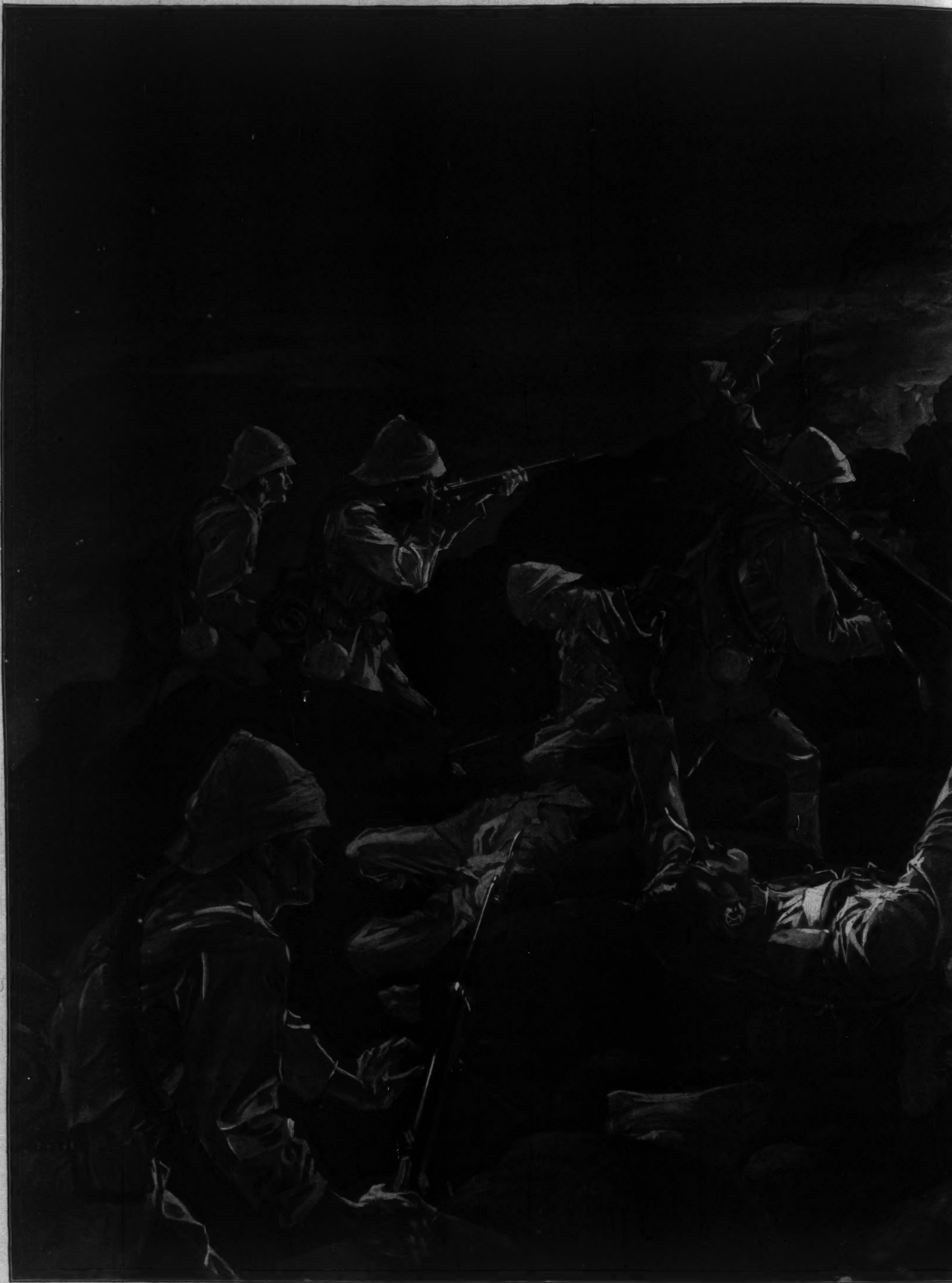
Samuel Parsons, Jr.



THE OLD ROADWAY.



LOOKING SOUTHWARD.



THE BATTLE

THE SECOND CAMERONIANS AND THE THIRD KING'S RIFLES

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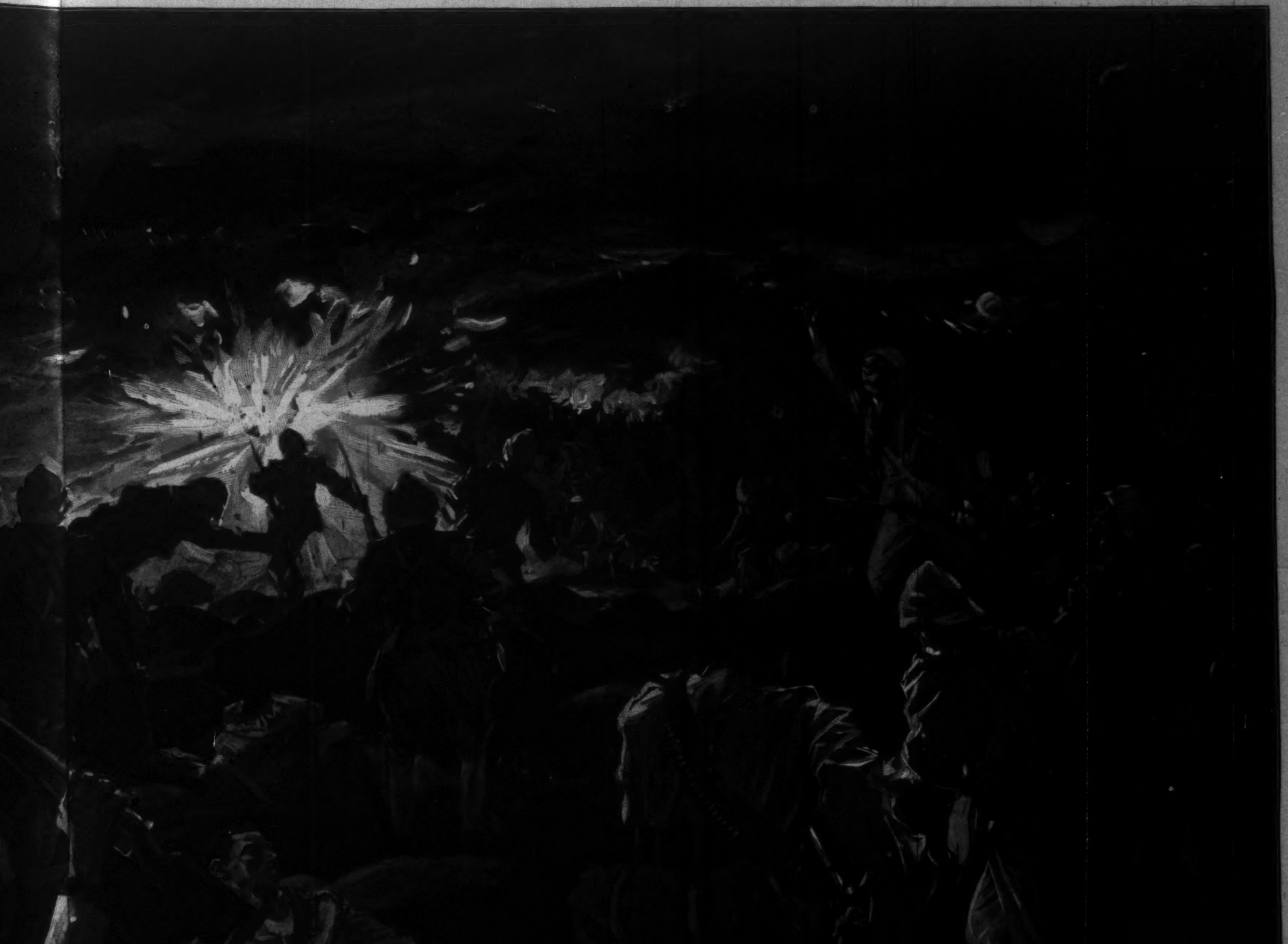
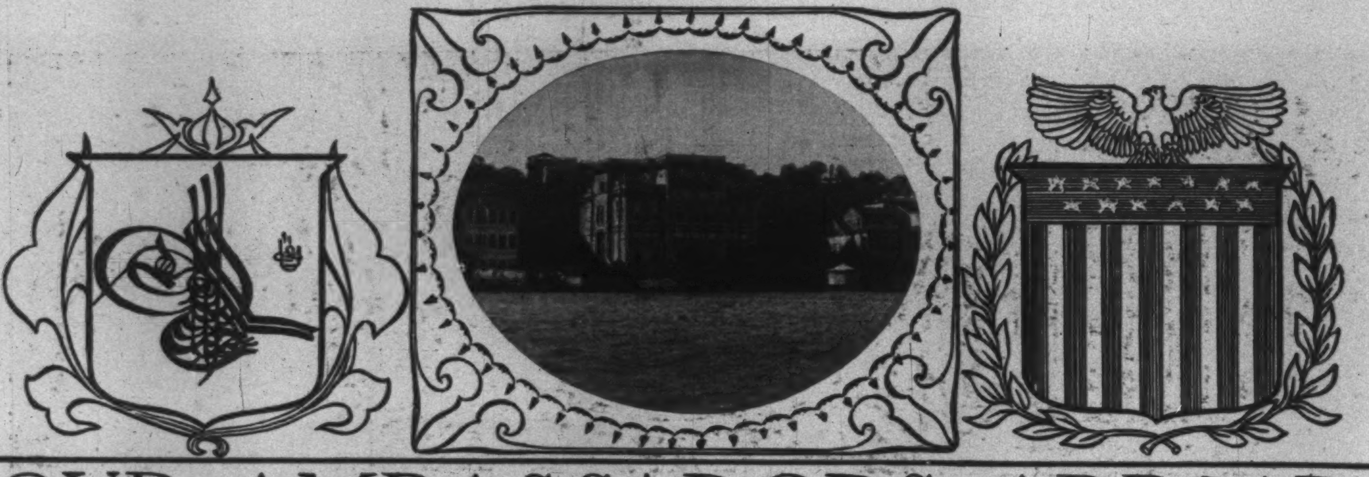


E AT SPION KOP

ES STORMING THE BOER TRENCHES ON THE NIGHT OF JANUARY 23

BRITISH LOSS WAS 205 KILLED, 554 WOUNDED, AND 287 MISSING



OUR AMBASSADORS ABROAD

The Legation near the Sublime Porte

DESPITE all the indefinable charm which surrounds life in the Levant, it is a well-established fact that diplomatic dealings with the Ottoman government are far from enjoyable. Therefore, while our legation at Constantinople cannot be said to beg for occupants, those who assume its responsibilities are entitled to the commiserating gratitude rather than the congratulations of their countrymen. They go to live for four years amid the strangest surroundings within the pale of civilization. They almost surrender the society of their kind. They have to deal with a government renowned for its shifting unreliability. They move in a perfect maze of conflicting international rivalries. And for the poor American there is a burden even greater than is borne by his colleagues, in that his work is almost wholly with what may be called religious politics. All political duties which look to the satisfaction of a great public mind are heavy. But when this public mind is what is known among politicians as the religious conscience, the rôle becomes difficult indeed. No other head of mission in Constantinople plays a part such as is allotted to the American minister. The British ambassador more nearly has similar duties, but with him they are secondary. He must first always look to the imperial interests of his country, and is permitted to ignore even the great non-conformist conscience of England in their protection. The American up to this time has had no imperial interests to concern him, and has been wholly at the mercy of the politico-religionists. He is in fact as well as in common usage the American minister, for he has no colleague from his own continent. He has not a baker's dozen of his own countrymen, native born, who reside in Turkey for other than religious ends. He is guardian of the lives as well as the interests of three times as many missionaries as are placed to the credit of any of his colleagues. He must also see to the protection of nearly ten million dollars' worth of property invested for religious ends; and over and above all he must so conduct affairs as to promote good-will and peaceful relations between his government and the Sultan's. This on the one hand. On the other, he must satisfy the great religious conscience at home. The first is the primary duty set forth in his instructions. The second is wellnigh incompatible with the first if honestly accomplished. For of course the large body of people who carry their religion into politics can see no virtue in cultivating the good-will of the Grand Infidel Turk. So it often happens that while the government at Washington is instructing the minister to preserve peace by every reasonable means, the missionaries and Bible societies at his hand are urging him to demand war-ships for the propagation of the gospel of love. How difficult it is to please both only those who have tried can realize. But after a taste of the struggle which any disregard of this religious sentiment involves, the unlucky minister has usually abandoned himself wholly to the wishes of the missionaries, and trusted to Providence for peace and the satisfaction of the government at home. No one unacquainted with the place can imagine the fierce light of religious sentiment which is concentrated from across the sea upon the American Legation. Nowhere else can its immense force be even imagined. The present policy of sending a minister who is neither Moslem nor Christian, and therefore able always to be a neutral arbiter between them, seems by far the wisest solution of the difficulty.

The records of the American Legation since the old days—in 1839, I believe it was—when Admiral Porter sailed into the Bosporus as the first duly accredited minister from the United States, give very clearly the reiterative history of the eternal Eastern question. The ambassadors met and made representations at the Porte as regularly in the forties as in the nineties. Even the war stories in the despatches of '50 and '51 seem very like those of '78 and '79. And early, too, appear the missionary troubles; the same yesterday as to-day, and presenting always the same unsolvable problem. I often wonder if, when the command to go forth and preach the gospel of Christ was given, it was intended that it should provoke all manner of profound international difficulties. Or was the wider scope of this work, which includes general education, expected? For it is in its educational field that the American missionary work incurs the displeasure of the Turkish government. No Turk cares a fig about the preaching of Christianity in the empire. According to the common Oriental view, any man who is so base as to desert the religion of his forefathers is worth little consideration of any kind. I remember a striking illustration of this during the time of my service in the Constantinople legation.

During the great massacre of Armenians in 1896, when from five to seven thousand were killed in the streets of Constantinople, naturally the hearts of all men went out to the terribly doomed people, and they were given places of refuge and protection on all hands. In Has Keui there is a large Jewish quarter as well as an Armenian one. The slaughter here was terrible. And one patriarchal old Jew concealed thirty-one of the terrified people in his house, valiantly refusing admittance to hordes of infuriated Turks. Naturally they had to be barbored for several days, even after the killing had subsided, for they were too frightened to return to their wrecked homes. And during this time their expressions of gratitude to their benefactor were many and unbounded. But one man went further than the others. "Oh, Ibrahim, son of Jacob," he said, "never can I repay this debt of gratitude. Much do I wonder at the religion which nourishes so generous a soul. As a witness of my admiration and love, I will give up the creed of the Armenians. I will become a Jew." At this old Ibrahim was so incensed that he flew into a great rage. "Oh, thou dog of a Christian! So little love dost thou bear to the God of thy fathers that for mere earthly gratitude over the salvation of thy worthless body thou wouldst cast Him off. Begone from my house, thou ingrate! It were better that the Turks had found thee." And forthwith the old Jew cast him into the street.

THE PORTER AND CAVASSES.

HALLWAY OF MINISTER STRAUS'S RESIDENCE.

The millions of dollars which America sends for missionary work to Turkey do not convert one heathen in a decade; in fact, one may probably count on one's fingers all the infidel Turks who have been made Christians by American missionaries. The money goes to make primitive Christians, like the Armenians, into modern Congregationalists or Presbyterians. To this the Sultan and his people would never object. Neither would they oppose the wide distribution in the empire of American alms to the distressed—a work which often turns our missionary stations into oases of good in a desert of suffering. But the work goes further, and teaches the Armenians history and tells them of Washington and Cromwell. Of course such education can never be pleasing to an autocratic government. This is where the trouble comes in. Young students in the American colleges are too apt to be set on fire with learning, even when their preceptors have always, as I believe they do, urged a strict submission to existing authorities. Such a great educational institution as Robert College, at Constantinople, cannot proudly point to Bulgaria as its handiwork and at the same time enjoy the favor of the imperial court.

But if the work of the legation is tediously difficult and brings little reward, life lies in new and pleasant places. Particularly if one have a taste for history, if one loves to tread again the footsteps of storied heroes or ever-fabled gods, the first years of life in Constantinople are delightful. There is practically no general society. About twenty or thirty members of the diplomatic corps form a little world of their own. In town, in the winter, they are thrown wholly upon their own resources, and all complain that they get very tired of one another. The men meet daily at the club (Cercle d'Orient). They join the few available women at tea or dinner in one of the hospitable homes. For the most part they scorn to mingle with the rich Greek and Armenian society of the city, which would be delighted to have them. This always seemed to me a mistake, as it is a very bright and amusing world, especially so when there is such a dearth of amusements—no opera, no theatre, even no public restaurants worth favorable mention. With the Turks, their social relations are very meagre. The minister will probably dine with some Turkish dignitary once or twice a year. His wife, more out of curiosity than anything else, may pay a few visits to the harems of great Turkish families. But this soon ceases to amuse her, and seldom pleases the women of the harem. In fact, after a brief assumption of the company manners of civilization, they rejoice to return to their slothful comfort.

In the summer diplomatic life is better. For the whole world moves into the country, either to Yeni Keui, Therapia, or Buyukdere, three neighboring villages on the Bosporus. Here all manner of out-door sports, impossible in the dingy hilly town, are added to the daily rounds. There are tennis, cricket, cycling, riding, swimming, and boating. One goes from place to place in caïques, the long, slender row-boats made to cut the swift Bosporus currents. This life is truly attractive, even though the little circle remains the same. And if one begins to see too much of this, there always remains some sight-seeing to be done. If one tires of the old friends, there are always new ones to be made—generally people of much more importance, even though of shadowy substance. Roman emperors and their chiefs of state live again when you know the spots where they intrigued and struggled. You generally come to know them through the introduction of the interesting Mr. Gibbon. With his volumes relating to the Eastern empire under your arm, there are long and happy days to be spent in wandering from Seraglio Point to the great walls with their famous gates, and even out into the old camping grounds of the long-persistent Turks.

It is customary to speak of the court of Yildiz as the most exclusive in Europe. But this is rather a fallacious description. For in the ordinary sense of the word there is no court. And that which takes its place displays no sort of exclusiveness whatsoever. No claim to social distinction or even public integrity is requisite for reception once the favor of those in authority is gained. For one thing, the lack of visible women makes court life almost impossible. The Sultan lives more quietly, more like a country gentleman, than even some of the small princes of his own dependencies. The men around him are men who govern rather than amuse. He does personally an almost inconceivable amount of detail work. He scarcely averages one entertainment a month—this generally a very formal dinner party in honor of some arriving or departing dignitary. At these dinners his Majesty often takes out the ranking lady present, and talks to her through the interpreter, who stands at the back of his chair. For though it is generally believed that the Sultan understands French, and perhaps other languages, it is considered beneath his dignity to use any other than his own. The dinner itself is of French cooking, like any other the world over, lacking many delightful Oriental dishes which might add to its attractiveness. In spite of the inhibitions of the Koran, the wines provided for the guests are excellent. And one always pities the young officers who fill the lower end of the table, and who elsewhere show light regard for this religious law, are here compelled to follow their master in turning their glasses down. Sometimes a travelling circus or one of the third-rate operatic or theatrical organizations which visit the capital are ordered to perform at Yildiz, and a few favored foreigners are invited. On these very rare occasions the harem is present behind latticed screens. But I doubt if the diplomatists average one festal visit a year to the palace, however many they may pay for the settlement of international affairs. For if the Sultan seldom invites them, they more often invite themselves to see him than they would to see any other reigning monarch. Their visits to the Sublime Porte (the Foreign Office) concern, as a rule, only unimportant business. Whenever particular things are to be done they go directly to the palace and ask for an audience with his Majesty. In the ordinary course of affairs these are granted on Fridays (the Moslem Sunday), after the ceremony of the Selamlik. The minister or ambassador is expected to arrive in time to witness the Sultan's visit in state to the mosque—“assisting at the Selamlik,” it is called. Afterwards the audience takes place in the public part of the palace which lies just without the gates of the park, facing the Hamidieh mosque. It is on such occasions also that distinguished visitors are presented to his Majesty. In his time, at these interviews, Abdul-Hamid II. has crossed swords with the greatest intellects of Europe, and his discomfiture has never been recorded. Extraordinarily quick and ready in his answers, he is also filled with every resource of diplomacy by which to avert or delay compliance with an unpleasant demand. How well he has played the great powers, one against the other, current history easily shows. The weazened little man in the modest dark blue uniform is, until you know him, the least conspicuous figure in the crowd.

Most unnoticeable save perhaps one—if the American minister is present in his plain black evening clothes. It was a very pretty speech of one of our ministers who said of the Sultan and himself that they were the only men in the room who depended upon their personal appearance for dignity. But there are so many stronger arguments than this in favor of some sort of uniform for our corps that it should not be considered. Until you have marched through the streets of a city in your evening clothes in broad daylight on some official occasion, you cannot half appreciate the feelings of a diplomatist without a uniform. Until you have seen our ambassador in a great jubilee procession mistaken for a footman you cannot be expected to have a strong prejudice on the subject.

In addition to the ordinary members of [illegible] legation, the insistence upon their own language by Turkish rulers compels the addition of a dragoman or chief interpreter, whose duty it is to be present at interviews between the minister and the Sultan, the Grand Vizier, or Foreign Minister, and to put all necessary communications into French or Turkish. Mr. Alexander Gargiulo, the present officer, has held the place for more than twenty years, and is naturally one of the most valuable officers our service holds. The secretary is Mr. Lloyd C. Griscom, a member of the well-known Philadelphia family. His appointment is in line with the policy pursued by the present administration, which fittingly selects only those young men who by education and travel are able to understand and appreciate all of the difficulties and delicate duties surrounding such a post.

Chalmers Roberts.

THE ACTION AND THE WORD.*

By Brander Matthews

CHAPTER IV.

WITHIN the next few weeks Evert Brookfield saw various things happen. Under the influence of Mr. Carkendale, the building committee of the board of trustees of the Methuselah Life-Insurance Company intrusted to Jones & Brookfield the preparation of plans and designs for a fifteen-story fire-proof steel-frame building to cover a whole Broadway block in one of the most conspicuous positions between Wall Street and the City Hall; and for the first time since their association Evert and his partner faced the hitherto unsolved problem of the sky-scraper. And under the influence of Mrs. Carkendale the president of the Methuselah Life-Insurance Company bought a corner lot on Fifth Avenue, not far from Seventy-second Street, with a frontage of fifty feet on Central Park; and Jones & Brookfield were called upon also to prepare the design and plans for the sumptuous residence in which Mr. and Mrs. Carkendale proposed to entertain the most exclusive circles of New York society.

When Evert reported these two commissions one after another at the family dinner table, his wife was greatly gratified.

“Who says I am not a real help to my husband?” she asked. “That horrid old man would never have given it to you if I hadn't been so nice to him.”

“And how were you nice to him?” asked the doctor. “I watched you, and you pretended to be interested in life-insurance, and you confessed a shameful ignorance about it, and you coaxed him to explain it to you at great length.”

“Did I?” she inquired, innocently, and then she flamed up. “How can you say such horrid things about me?” Almost immediately she added, lowering her voice: “But he liked it! Men always do like it when I ask them to explain things.”

Dr. Brookfield smiled at her indulgently. “You were nice to the old man,” he declared, “and Evert was nice to the old woman. I heard that she told somebody that Evert was one of the most charming young men she had met in society, and one of the best-looking, too.”

“Of course he is,” Carla retorted—“as if I didn't know that better than anybody else! But you couldn't make me jealous of any old frump like that! And I was nice to her too—just as nice as I knew how. And, Evert, when you get the plans for her old house done, you just let me see them, and I'll help you again. I know her, and I can tell you just the kind of house she'd like to have—see if I can't! She's the sort of woman who will want closets everywhere—even in the parlor!”

The firm of Jones & Brookfield had recently completed a church at Tarrytown and a library at Yonkers; they were half-way through with a secret-society hall at New Haven and with two apartment-houses on the Riverside Drive; they had no other important commissions on hand, and they turned all their energies on the two new buildings.

Yet Evert yielded to his wife's wish to go to Tuxedo over New-Year's. It happened that a jolly company was gathered in the club-house that week. When a rainy Saturday followed a rainy Friday, and a new diversion became imperative, Rupert De Ruyter improvised a parody on a popular play, and it was acted without a single rehearsal and with the most satisfactory applause. Of course Carla had been the central figure of this impromptu performance, and of course, also, the society reporters had made the most of the affair.

Echoes of it reverberated in the Sunday newspapers for two or three weeks. Evert and his wife read all these paragraphs together under the tolerant eyes of Dr. Brookfield. Evert found a shamefaced pleasure in the perusal; but Carla was perfectly frank in her delight when she was plentifully praised, and revealed an equally frank grief when she was slighted or slurred. The most of the articles were highly complimentary, not to call them fulsome.

Whatever the degree of flattery, Carla swallowed it greedily; but Evert noticed that it did not make her conceited at all. She got enjoyment out of this frequent praise, but Evert could not discover that it affected her own opinion of herself. It seemed to him that she was swimming on the flood-tide of social success, and that she found the exercise exhilarating.

Evert drew his father's attention to this one evening about the middle of February, when they were smoking their after-dinner cigars in the library, and while Carla was seated on the arm of Evert's chair.

“Yes,” the doctor answered, “I'm glad to say that I've never seen Carla looking so well.”

“That's because I'm so happy,” she asserted.

Dr. Brookfield peered at her solemnly. “You are happy in spite of the fact that for the last two years your husband has been in love with a married woman?”

She gazed at her father-in-law for a puzzled moment, and then her laughter rippled out.

“Me?” she cried. “And I'm in love with a married man.” And she ran her fingers lightly through her husband's pointed beard—a little trick of hers which always gave him a thrill of pleasure.

Evert looked at his father and caught the doctor's eyes (sad often, although the mouth might be merry), and he knew that his father had a share in the peace and pleasure of his home.

“What was I going to say?” asked Carla, fixing her gaze on the doctor.

“How can I guess that, my dear,” he answered, “seeing that you are a woman?”

“Oh, I know,” she went on, ignoring his gentle jibe. “I was saying that I am happy. Well, I am, and why shouldn't I be? I've got everything I want, haven't I?” And she gave a little pull at the point of her husband's beard.

“I know I have,” Evert answered, slipping his arm around her waist.

“And I never used to have anything I wanted when I was younger, so I suppose I enjoy everything more now,” she continued. “You can't imagine how stupid my life was when I was a girl all alone on that stock farm. Grandpa was very good to me, and he gave me all he could. But he couldn't give me New York, could he? And that was what I wanted. I used to read the papers, all about the good times girls were having here in New York: how they were going to balls, and to the opera, and to the theatre, and to big dinners with vaudeville afterward, and all that sort of thing; and it used to make me sick to think that I was never going to see life that way. I didn't know why I hadn't as good a right to have a good time as Mrs. Jimmy Suydam. Mrs. Jimmy!” and she broke again into laughter. “Do you know what I did once? I was so mad to think that she had all these things that I wanted that I cut her picture out of the paper—and stuck it full of pins. Wasn't that mean?”

“It was devilish!” the doctor declared.

“Wasn't it?” she returned. “I don't believe I can ever forgive myself for doing that, and I didn't hurt her a bit, either. And now I don't envy her any more. I've got more than she has now. If I'm not as handsome as she is, I'm younger, and my husband is better-looking and more of a man. And then there's the baby—Mrs. Jimmy Suydam would give her good looks and her money and everything to have a baby. I'm sorry for her now, really I am, and I'm beginning to like her, too. And I used to hate her.”

“You used to hate her,” said the doctor. “Quite so. But that was when you were unhappy. Now you are happy, you don't hate anybody?”

“Of course I don't,” Carla answered. “Why should I?”

“Why should you, indeed?” Dr. Brookfield returned. “It is not assured that good people are always happy, but it is certain that happy people are good.”

“I am, anyhow,” was her reply. “I want other people to have as good a time as I am having. And I want to go on having a good time myself. The things I went without as a girl—dinners and dances and the opera and all that—I want them now. I suppose I may get tired of them some day, but I'm not tired yet. And I shall never be young again, shall I? Sometimes I feel now as if I was getting old ever so fast, and I am twenty-four, you know.”

“The years fly very swiftly indeed,” her father-in-law asserted, solemnly, “and in thirty or forty years you will be really an old woman.”

“I have got a little time before me, haven't I?” she asked, with another little laugh. “My hair isn't going to turn gray yet awhile. But, after all, it may be becoming; I've seen old ladies that were really very good-looking—women of thirty-five and forty.”

“Even gray hair will be becoming to you,” said her husband. “Everything is becoming to you.”

“Oh, dear, no!” she returned, *promptly*. “Freckles are not; and I used to have ever so many. And I remember how I cried once when I teased an old Irish woman's cat, and she came out and chased me away, and told me to go home and wash the fly-specks off my face.”

“That was a sad experience, I don't doubt,” Dr. Brookfield remarked, “but it makes a good story, now your freckles have vanished. It's odd how we find pleasure in talking about ourselves and our doings, while it is sad enough to have to think about ourselves and about what we have done and left undone.”

“I don't want to think about what I haven't done,” she cried, with a wilful toss of her head. “I want to go on doing something.”

“Evert,” said his father, solemnly, “do you know what has befallen you? You have married a young woman who has never sowed her wild oats. As a girl Carla did not have her proper proportion of youthful amusement, and that is why she is going to lead you a pretty dance now!”

“Evert isn't afraid of that,” she declared, and her husband's arm tightened about her waist. “Evert is a man, and men always understand me better than women—ever so much better! I'm so glad you and Evert and the baby are all masculine! I don't think I really like women—not but what the women up here in New York are all very nice to me.”

“All the men up here in New York are very nice to you too, are they not?” asked the doctor, with his quizzical smile.

Carla gave a little laugh, redolent of happiness and health; and then she gazed at her father-in-law roguishly and said, “You are nice to me—and you are one man, at least.”

“Don't look at me like that!” Dr. Brookfield protested. “You mustn't waste your fascinations on me; I haven't any house for Evert to build. You ought to remember that I am only the baby's grandfather!”

She laughed again; and then she got up and went over to the doctor. Leaning her elbows on the back of his arm-chair, she said, in low, caressing tones, “You are the only father I can remember, and it is part of my happiness now that you have received me as a daughter.”

The doctor raised his hand and took hold of hers and kissed it. To Evert this was the one thing that seemed to make the moment perfect.

There was an interval of silence, and then Carla, still leaning on the doctor's chair, asked: “What do you think of this new idea of Mrs. Jimmy's? She wants to have us act a play of some sort for that charity of hers; she says it needs ever so much money.”

“All charities always need ever so much money,” dryly rejoined the doctor; “and amateur performances always need ever so much charity.”

“That's just what I told her,” Carla explained. “I said I'd never dare to play in a five-act piece.”

Evert listened in doubt. He did not know what to do. He was not sure that he wanted to see his wife act again, and yet he wished her to do whatever would give her pleasure.

“Five acts?” he repeated. “Isn't that rather a heavy contract for amateurs?”

“There's a three-act play they were talking about, too,” Carla answered; “but I like the five-act one better.”

“What are the plays?” Evert asked.

“The three-act one is that Ibsen piece,” she responded; “you know—the one in which she dances—”

“You mean the ‘Doll's House,’ I suppose?” Evert replied.

“That's it,” cried Carla. “It's a horrid piece, isn't it? I couldn't act a part like that. I don't see how any woman could leave her husband and her children that way,

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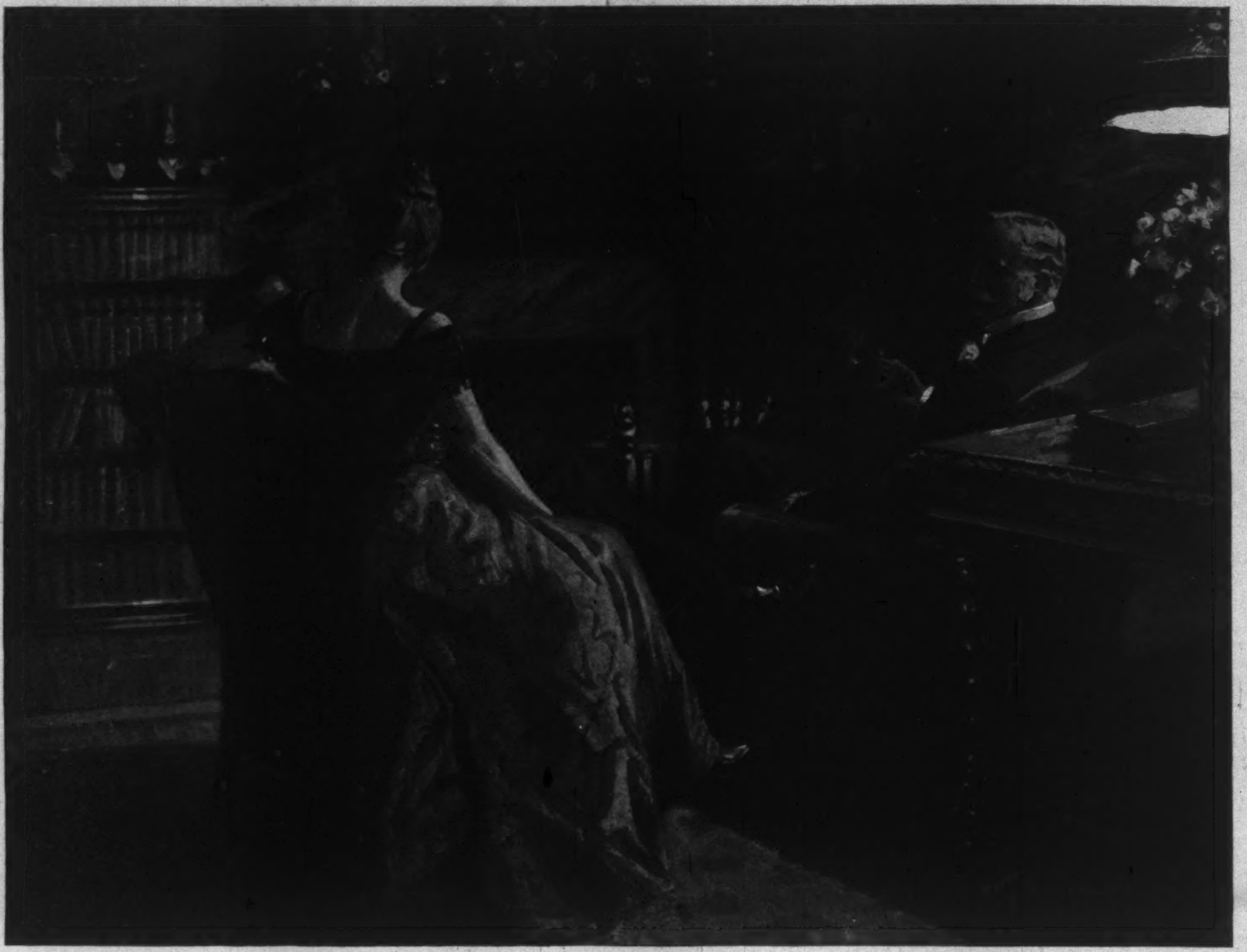
* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 2250.



DR. BROOKFIELD PEERED AT HER SOLEMNLY.

do you? It's perfectly unnatural. But of course the scene where she dances for her husband is pretty, although I can't understand how she could love a man like that, so mean and contemptible. Now in the other play the husband is really a fine fellow."

"And what is the other play?" Evert inquired.

"Didn't I tell you?" she replied, innocently. "How absurd of me! It's 'Frou Frou.' But of course it's perfectly ridiculous for me to think of playing a five-act piece like that, when I've really had so little experience."

It struck Evert that his wife was raising these objections to her performance in the expectation that he or his father would promptly explain them away. The two men kept silent, as it chanced; and Carla, leaving her position behind Dr. Brookfield, took a seat on the sofa between her husband and her father-in-law, tucking one of her feet under her—a favorite posture of hers.

"I told Mrs. Jimmy," she went on at last, "that there was no use talking; I wouldn't do it—or, at least, I couldn't do it. The very idea of five acts is terrible, isn't it? I don't see why I should scare myself half to death just for Mrs. Jimmy's working-girls, do you? If she wants to make a lot of money, why doesn't she act *Frou Frou* herself?"

"You didn't suggest that to her?" the doctor asked.

"Of course not," she returned. "And after all, Mrs. Jimmy couldn't play *Frou Frou*, could she? *Frou Frou* is young and lively and—and—"

When she hesitated for her next word, the doctor helped her out, "And as pretty as Carla Brookfield!"

"Well," she replied, with her silvery laugh, "I do think the riding-habit in the first act would be becoming to me, although I'm not quite as thin as I used to be."

"In short," said Dr. Brookfield, with his tolerant smile, "you have made up your mind to play the great part, and you would like Evert and me to persuade you?"

"How can you say such things?" she asked, indignantly, and her voice trembled a little. "I don't see how you can pretend to like me, and all the time you are thinking me insincere and deceitful! Besides, I told you I told her I couldn't think of playing a great big part like *Frou Frou!*"

"She didn't give it up, did she?" asked the doctor.

"No," Carla responded. "I must say she was very nice about it, very nice indeed. She encouraged me and said lots of pleasant things. Then she explained how it was her working-girls were so hard up this year, and how difficult it was to raise money."

"That is to say," Dr. Brookfield returned, "she tried to make out that it was your duty to act *Frou Frou?*"

"She didn't put it that way exactly," was the answer, "but she made me feel I should be rather mean if I backed out now after she had gone so far."

"How far had she gone?" the doctor next questioned.

"She has engaged the stage-manager, a Mr. Sherrington," was her answer; "they say he's very good indeed, and it's a great privilege to have him take charge of a play. And she and Gurney Twiss have talked it all over, and they have picked out somebody for every one of the parts; and they insist that there isn't anybody else to play *Frou Frou*, and if I refuse they'll have to give the whole thing up."

"All Mrs. Jimmy has done is to engage this Sherrington," said Evert, who had been listening in silence; "and I don't suppose—"

"But that isn't all she's done," interrupted his wife. "She's engaged the Opera-house and—"

"The opera-house?" repeated Evert. "The Metropolitan Opera House?"

"It is large, isn't it?" Carla responded, and the dimple that Evert loved appeared at last. "But she says that if she wants to make a lot of money for her working-girls, we must have a theatre that will hold a lot of people."

"Evidently Mrs. Jimmy has a good deal of executive ability," said the doctor.

"Yes, hasn't she?" answered his daughter-in-law. "That's what everybody said when she took hold of this league of hers, and reorganized it, and did everything."

"She wants you to do something now," Evert interjected.

"It isn't fair to make her do it all, is it?" Carla asked. "But I don't want you to suppose I want to play *Frou Frou* at the Metropolitan. I'd be too scared, I'm sure. I'd never get through the first act. I don't believe I'd remember the first word of my part."

"That would not matter, my dear," said the doctor. "Like every other woman, you would make sure of the last word."

"Now that's not at all kind of you," she declared. "I come to you for advice, and you don't help me at all; you just make fun of me. I think you ought to take me very seriously if I can play *Frou Frou* and make five thousand dollars for charity."

Dr. Brookfield looked at his son with an indulgent smile, which Evert was at no loss to interpret. It seemed to her husband that Carla had made up her own mind that she would enjoy acting *Frou Frou*, and that she was now appealing to them for a formal approval of her intention. He did not know just what he wanted himself, although he probably would prefer her not to appear in public; his impulse always was to give her at once whatever she wanted, and to take his reward in observing her pleasure.

"When have you to decide?" he asked.

"Why, I told you I told her I couldn't think of it! But I'm going to lunch there to-morrow."

"Evert," inquired his father, with every appearance of intense seriousness, "do you think that your wife has any right to refuse to make five thousand dollars for charity?"

"I said five thousand," she broke in, "but Mrs. Jimmy hopes it will be ten thousand at least."

"I repeat my question," the doctor went on. "Don't you consider that it is Carla's plain duty to sacrifice her own feelings, and to conquer her timidity, and to wrestle with her reluctance?"

"Now you are making fun of me again," she cried; and Evert noticed the elation in her voice, as though she knew already that the victory was hers.

"Yes," he said, in answer to his father's question, "I suppose we may look upon it as settled."

"But I don't," Carla declared. "I haven't made up my own mind yet! I'm not at all sure that I really want to play *Frou Frou*, after all!"

"You are a good girl, and you will do your duty," said the doctor, with humorous emphasis. "Besides, I hold 'Frou Frou' to be the most moral play of our time—"

"Why, how can you say so?" she interrupted. "She runs away from her husband. It's true he's ever so tiresome—always prosing and being good, but she does run away from him, and he kills the other man, and he forgives her before she dies. Oh, that last act is perfectly lovely! When I read it I had a good cry all by my lonesome."

"What is the plot of 'Frou Frou?' the doctor insisted. "There are two sisters, the grave *Louise* and the flibbertigibbet *Frou Frou*, as *Gilberte* is nicknamed; and there are two men equally sharply contrasted, the serious *Sartorys* and the lively *Valréas*, both of whom are in love with *Frou Frou*. The elder sister has thought that *Sartorys* was about to propose to her, but when she finds it is *Frou Frou* he wants, she sacrifices herself, and persuades *Gilberte* to accept him—"

"Noble of her, wasn't it?" interrupted Carla.

"Absurd of her, I should say," the doctor insisted. "If you judge the act by its results, it was positively wicked, for it brought about the misery of *Sartorys*, the degradation of *Frou Frou*, and the death of *Valréas*. That's why I hold 'Frou Frou' is a moral play, because it brings out clearly the evil effects of self-sacrifice. There is nothing more unwholesome than the morbid desire some women have to be unselfish. *Frou Frou* is a case in point. If *Louise* had not enjoyed giving up to her sister the one man she loved and her sister did not love, all would have been well—but there would have been no play."

"And that would be a pity, wouldn't it?" Carla returned. "It is a beautiful play, I think, and I just love that last act. I've never had to die before, and I wonder how it will feel to pretend to be dead."

"That is a case where the imitation is preferable to the real thing," said the doctor.

"Ugh!" cried the young wife, with a little shiver. "I hate the very thought of death, don't you? I don't think I shall really like even to make believe."

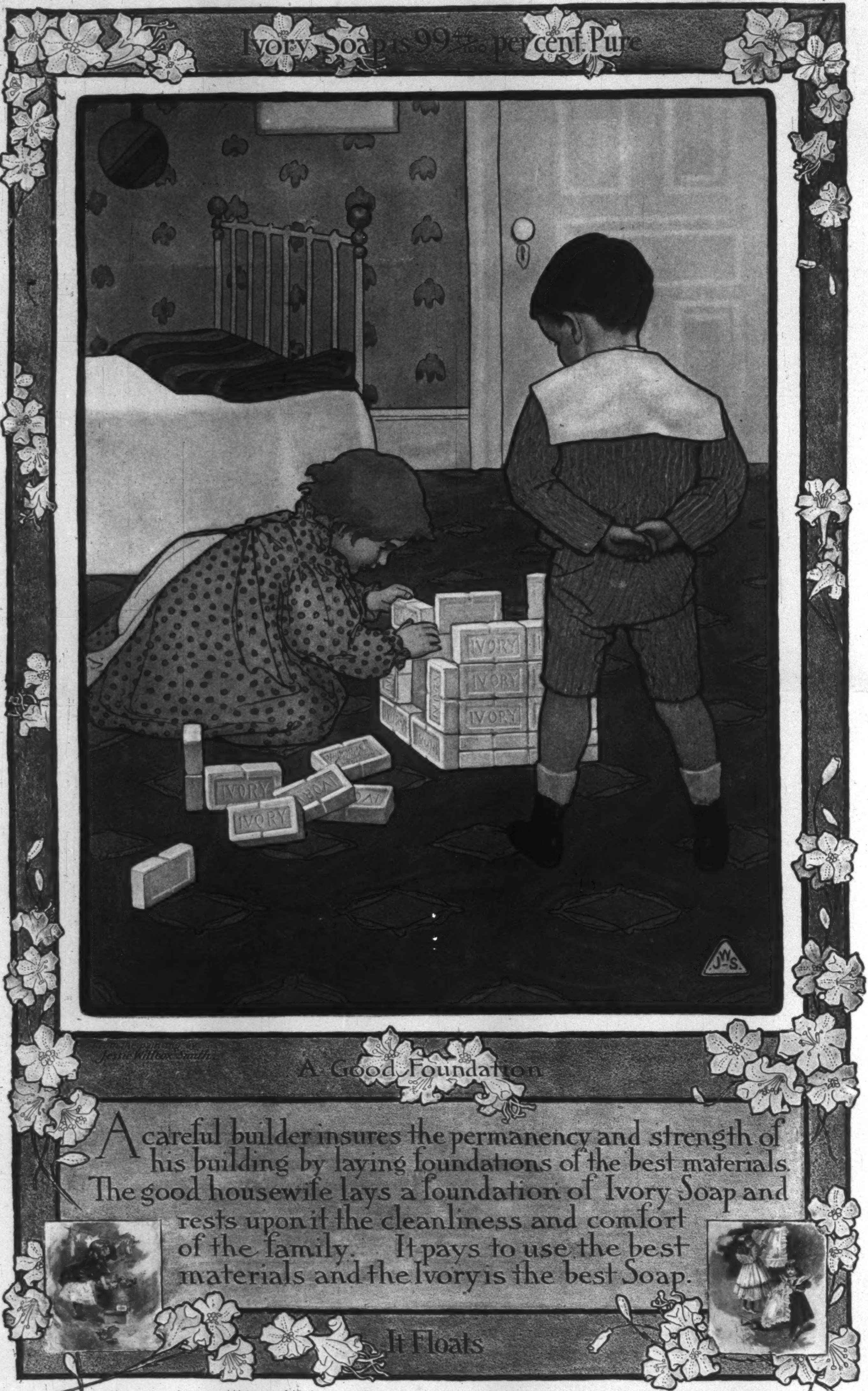
"Are you sure you will enjoy the whole thing?" asked Evert. "It is not too late for you to give it up now."

"The idea!" she said, quickly. "Give it up now, after I've had all the trouble of getting you to agree to it!"

The doctor and his son laughed together at this self-revelation, and Carla joined in their merriment.

"Evert," said Dr. Brookfield at last, "here is where you made your mistake. As I told you just now, you have committed the irretrievable error of marrying a woman who did not sow her wild oats as a girl!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



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THIS BUSY WORLD

BY E. S. MARTIN

MASSACHUSETTS has been trying to find out whether it is worth while to continue to keep an army in the field against the gypsy-moth. The State, as most readers know, has been fighting these moths at great expense for five or six years. The moths are lasting pretty well, and it is a question of some moment whether the fight against them is doing any good. It seems that the moth-fighting has come to have a good deal of politics in it. Statesmen get their adherents jobs to fight the gypsy-moths, and rumor insists that the adherents take care that there shall always be moths to fight. There has been a good deal of evidence to the effect that the moth campaign has been carried on for what there was in it for the campaigners, and it may be that the General Court will stop supplies, and leave the moth and the farmer to dispute the field, the fittest to survive.

This would seem to outsiders the natural course to take. So far as the ordinary American knows, the gypsy-moth is just a bug, and like any other bug, and part of the day's work in agriculture. But learned gentlemen who profess a thorough acquaintance with the gypsy-moth declare it is not at all a common creature or safe to let alone. Professor Shaler of Harvard testified before the investigators that it has a damaging power greater than all known pests in this country, and, if neglected, might break down our civilization. The ruin of North Africa, he said, was due to locusts, and the inference was that in like manner the gypsy-moth might do for us. So, later, Professor Fernald spoke of the adverse influence of the tsetse-fly on North Africa. He thought a million dollars would go far towards discouraging the gypsy-moth.

If the moth is as dangerous as Professor Shaler believes, the fight against it is a matter of national consequence, and we cannot be too thankful that the moth made its first appearance in this country in a rich State exceptionally well furnished with professors. Some States would have been satisfied with mere legislation against the moths, and if that had failed and the moths had accepted no compromise, the people would have moved out and settled elsewhere. But the folks in Massachusetts are there to stay, and have always been ready to fight an invader, and they hold now to their traditions. It is to the interest of the rest of the country that they should keep up their struggle. No pest of which scientific men can speak as Professor Shaler has spoken of the gypsy-moth should be neglected, so long as Massachusetts has men and money wherewith to fight it.

THERE is another fight going on in Massachusetts, in which one particularly interesting development is noticed. It is the fight against the lease of the Boston and Albany Railroad to the New York Central. In order to demonstrate that Massachusetts is best served by roads that it controls, men have been taking photographs of stations on the Boston and Albany, and also on the New York Central, that the provision made by these corporations for the comfort of their respective patrons may be compared. This is rather cruel treatment of the New York Central, but under the circumstances it seems fully justified. The pictures are to be put into a pamphlet for use among legislators and others in Massachusetts. It might also be circulated with profit in the State of New York. It will doubtless contain pictures of the remarkable open-air Union Station at Troy, of the underground eating-house at Syracuse, and of a score or two of the lesser stations. When the Central builds a new station, nowadays, it usually builds a good one. There are many pretty ones within commutation distance of New York, but whoever knows what the average station between New York and Buffalo is like must be amused at this ingenious comparison that the Boston and Albany objectors have devised. If the objectors fail, and see the lease confirmed, they may comfort themselves with the knowledge that they will be no worse off in having their road owned by the New York Central than the folks are who live on the line of the Central itself. That railroad used to belong, in a way, to the State of New York. Its headquarters were in New York city, but in its board of directors were representative men from Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse, Utica, Albany, Troy, and other cities of the State. All that has passed away. The directors now represent the owners, but not necessarily the local patrons of the road, and in the last board there was but one director who did not live in New York city, and he lived in Boston. It is all a part of the merging of railroads into systems. When the New York Central owns the Boston and Albany, Springfield may not be quite as influential with the Boston and Albany as she is now, but she will be quite as influential as Rochester, for example, is with the New York Central.

IT often seems as if the day for medium-sized things were passing, except perhaps in statesmanship; and there the exception is misleading, for though we have medium-sized statesmen enough, many of them have bosses. In the industrial world all the medium-sized things seem to be merging into bigger ones: the bigger railroads swallow the less, and as the old-time railroad kings die off, they are succeeded by emperors. Concentration of power and economy of administration are governing tendencies in business. How fast the same tendencies would develop and sweep on in politics if it were not for constitutions and historical prejudices! How fast, in spite of these obstacles, they have developed and do sweep on! As colleges grow bigger and swell out into universities with thousands of students, the old-fashioned sentiment known as "class feeling" disappears. How far may we expect an analogous loss of the old-fashioned sentiment of affectionate interest in one's State to result from the immense increase of national wealth and population? There are very few State railroads left. Railroads are necessarily becoming national. It will transpire when the proposed expenditure of sixty millions on the Erie Canal is finally discussed how very slight an interest New York as a State feels in owning a canal.

THERE is a great deal more pro-Boer than pro-British talk in the United States just now, but that is partly because most of the American sympathizers with England in the South-African war are content to sit tight and say nothing while all the Boer backers are talking. We all know there is an English side, but we also know that unless British arms prevail there will not be much use in stating it. The only practical use of stating the English case is to justify thrashing the Boers, and as long as the Boers are able to postpone being thrashed the exposition of the British case seems somewhat superfluous. The present status of the war makes it suitable that the Boers should justify themselves for making a cruel and unreasonably obstinate resistance to the English, and that their friends here are doing for them. We like to believe, as far as we may, that whatever is is right. We want to believe just now that Boer victories are right, and the newspapers and the occasional orators are helping us. Very likely, British successes will presently make us want to believe that it was best, after all, that the British should win, and when that time comes we shall have timely aid to that conclusion. Meanwhile it is generally felt that the Boers, whatever they lack in progressiveness, hospitality, and other virtues, are very lovely fighters, and the heart of the natural man warms to them on that account, whatever he may think of their other merits or defects as human beings.

THERE is something that borders on pathos in the efforts of the American emigrant ladies who live in England to rouse American sympathy for England in her present scrape. Poor things! it comes rather hard, and Heaven knows whether these denationalized ladies will realize where the hitch is. It is not that there is not a strong general sentiment in this country for the English, but that there is such widespread doubt whether in this particular case England deserves encouragement. "My country, right or wrong," is a sentiment for which a great deal may be said, but "England, right or wrong," is a cry proper only for the English. In Americans it would be absurd.

Another thing that checks American sympathies is the apparent disproportion in size between England and the Transvaal. It is a disproportion more apparent than real, because the advantage of position which the Boers have is enormous. But when one fighter is big and the other little, about as much as ought to be expected of the big fellow's friends is to keep quiet and see fair play. As much as that can be safely expected of the Americans now.

IT is a sad thing to see good advertising wasted. Once Mr. Janvier wrote a book called the *Aztec Treasure House*, which the Messrs. Harper published. A reader in Illinois who has just read it writes to say that in it there is mention of Professor Thomas Palgrave's *Pre-Columbian Conditions on the Continent of America*. She makes inquiries about the price and character of this book, which Mr. Janvier describes as about to appear. About a hundred letters to the same general effect have been received during the ten years since Mr. Janvier's romance was published. It is painful to have to admit to the lady in Illinois that *Palgrave's Pre-Columbian Conditions* is an unreality which has never existed except in Mr. Janvier's imagination. The market for the book evidently exists, but there is no supply.

THE solicitude of the New York members of the Women's Christian Temperance Union for fear that New York ladies would sell drinks, contrary to the laws of the State, for the benefit of South-African sufferers, was more creditable to them than their recent action on the mutilation of the Heine monument. It will be recalled that they decided in meeting that the mutilation of the monument was an expression of public sentiment, and that the sentiment was sound. The gist of their opinions was that though they could not openly applaud vandalism, it was a good thing that the Heine monument had been smashed, because some of its figures seemed to them to be insufficiently draped. Practically, though not verbally, they gave their moral sanction to a brutal and contemptible piece of lawless mischief.

Very much less open to criticism was their supervision of Mrs. Langtry's bazar last week for the benefit of the British wounded. Whether the promoters of the fair ever intended to have volunteer barmaids or not is at least doubtful, but it has not been the custom heretofore in New York to sell mixed drinks over a bar at fairs, and that and other London refinements of the Prince of Wales's set can probably be spared from our simpler republican society to its advantage. To see one company of indiscreet ladies bend themselves to restrain the indiscretions of another company of not over-wise women makes one more than usually hopeful of the future of morals in the republic. Inasmuch as one good turn deserves another, it seems in order now for Mrs. Langtry and the distinguished aids and patronesses of her entertainment to exert themselves to bring their friends of the W. C. T. U. to a realizing sense of the folly of extenuating the destruction of public monuments.

A TORONTO correspondent finds fault with the WEEKLY for speaking of Captain Hensley, whose portrait it recently published, as "one of the first Americans to be killed in the South-African war." Captain Hensley was a native of Prince Edward Island, and so the WEEKLY stated; but our friend in Toronto says, "As the people of the United States claim an exclusive right to the word 'American' as applied to their own nationality, your remark is, to say the least, misleading, and is unfair to an officer who was quite content to be known as a Canadian."

Very well, except that we on this side of the St. Lawrence do not claim, and never have claimed, an exclusive right to be known as Americans. That distinction, so far as we possess it, has been crowded upon us by Europeans, and especially the English, for their convenience rather than ours. It is probable, however, that we of the United States will be called "Americans" more and more generally, because there is no other convenient name by which to identify us. "Yankees" answers fairly well, but has not come into universal use because it is a nickname, and seems to some persons to imply disparagement. But "American" has, and will always have, a larger significance, that is coextensive with the American continent. Canadians, Mexicans, Brazilians, and Patagonians will be Americans, as heretofore, until further notice.

THE difference between Mr. Carnegie and his partner Mr. Frick makes a highly respectable controversy whereat trembling spectators may gaze with awe not unmixed with envy. Mr. Carnegie is a determined person, and for an employee whom he has made up his mind to discharge to dispute with him as to the terms of his departure implies extreme hardihood in the employee. To be sure, Mr. Frick isn't exactly an employee, but virtually he is one if he is so much in Mr. Carnegie's power that he can be discharged at Mr. Carnegie's will. Moreover, he *is* a man of hardihood, for he is the same Frick who fought out the Homestead strike.

On the merits of a dispute which has gone into the courts it would be an impertinence to express opinions, but some things that bear on this controversy seem tolerably evident, as that Mr. Carnegie is somewhat arbitrary in his dealings and holds on with exceptional tenacity to both authority and funds, and that while he has been living in New York and founding libraries and improving his mind, some pretty strenuous persons have had a chance to develop in Pittsburg.

ONE of the consequences of the recent disturbances in Kentucky will be to impair the usefulness of Senator Joseph Clay Stiles Blackburn as a eulogist. There were few abler eulogists in Kentucky than Senator Blackburn. He made Kentuckians proud to be dead, and filled the bosoms of their surviving friends with exultation and thankfulness. Naturally enough his proficiency brought him an extensive practice, particularly in cases of violent death, when the obsequies were of more than ordinary importance. When Goebel shot Sanford five years ago he was called in, and did splendidly for Sanford. The New York *Sun* lately recalled part of his address. He said:

> John Sanford was to me like a brother. I loved him. I hope God may spare me, and I shall make it my life's mission to avenge him by burying his slayer in the depths of merited public execration.

Unluckily, Goebel became the Democratic party in Kentucky, and it became hopelessly inexpedient for Blackburn, who wanted to go to the Senate, to bury him in depths of execration. He "stood in" with Goebel, and when Goebel was shot Blackburn was appointed his eulogist. He said:

> In life and death he was consecrated to the people's cause. He lived an honest life, and gave his life for your deliverance. Of him no eulogy but truth may say, "Earth never pillowed upon her bosom a truer son, nor heaven opened wide her portals to receive a manlier spirit."

It is an impertinence to inquire too particularly about a gentleman's views as to a future life, but Senator Blackburn is an elderly man, and in the course of nature as run in his State an inquest will presently be held on him, and his mortal remnants will be committed to earth. But where does the more progressive part of him expect to go? What hereafter does he picture to himself which is not shadowed by the prospective ghosts of Sanford and Goebel awaiting him on the farther bank of Styx, each with a copy of the other's eulogy in his hand, and each desiring an explanation? It looks as though, now that he is nearing the end of a somewhat troubled life, the Senator had given himself reason to be afraid to die.

TRANSATLANTIC TOPICS

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

THERE was a good deal of ominous head-shaking when it was given out in the late summer of 1898 that Mr. George Nathaniel Curzon, the Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, was to succeed Lord Elgin as Viceroy of India. Mr. Curzon up to that time had not impressed Englishmen as precisely the man to be intrusted with the government of 300,000,000 people, especially at a crisis when war, plague, and famine had strained their loyalty to the British Raj almost to breaking-point. People thought and spoke of Mr. Curzon as a sort of brilliant schoolboy. As public life goes in England, which is and always has been a country of old men, he seemed, at the time of his appointment to the greatest office in the gift of the Queen, a mere infant—barely forty years of age. Something of precocious immaturity hung round his manner and deliverances in the House of Commons. Mr. Curzon had really taken an immensity of trouble to fit himself for public life. He had travelled widely and intelligently, especially in the East, knew everybody worth knowing, had seen everything, "written most of the books and abstracted the rest," as a perverse opponent once remarked in the heat of debate. From the time he went up to Balliol he began to devour Blue-Books as though they were novels, and set himself to collecting data and compiling statistics with an industry that might be called a passion. Omniscience was not so much a foible with him as a deliberate plan of life, and to realize it no effort or sacrifice seemed too great for his ardent and persevering spirit. A spinal trouble from which he has long been a sufferer makes it impossible for him to get into the saddle without acute pain, yet he rode many thousands of miles on horseback through Persia and along the Indian frontier in order to study the Persian question and the Forward Policy at first hand and with his own eyes. For the wide knowledge he had acquired in this way more credit would have been given him if his manner of imparting it had been a little happier.

MR. CURZON used to sweep away all criticism with the exasperating dogmatism of the man who had been there and ought to know. An old Balliol rhyme dubbed him "a very superior person," and the House of Commons often had cause to sympathize with the college poet. The youthful minister seemed to have a tolerant contempt for all people who had travelled less than he had, interviewed fewer princes and potentates, or were not so well primed as he with local knowledge. Now and then it almost appeared from his speeches as though Mr. Curzon thought himself personally responsible for the peace of Europe; and this made it difficult for people to take him quite seriously, or to do justice to the level-headedness and accuracy of mind and knowledge that lay beneath his airy mannerisms. There was, at all events, a good deal of anxiety to see how he would bear himself as the head of the most dominant and stiff-necked bureaucracy in the world. People feared that he might develop into a half-Eastern, half-English edition of the German Emperor.

THERE were other reasons for not feeling perfectly comfortable about the appointment. With some, Mr. Curzon's youth counted adversely. Others doubted the wisdom of sending out a man with just enough knowledge of the country to make him incline to his own judgment, and not enough to make that judgment really trustworthy. Still more, bearing in mind the strong anti-Russian bias that ran through Mr. Curzon's books on China and Persia, expected the inauguration of some policy that might seriously embroil India with her northern neighbor. Remembering, too, Mr. Curzon's stanchness as a party man, they saw little chance of his abandoning the Forward Policy which the Conservatives had apparently made their own. But it seems now, after nearly two years of trial, that Lord Salisbury knew his man. Lord Curzon, the Viceroy of India, is a distinct improvement on Mr. Curzon, the Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs. The responsibilities of his superb position seem to have toned down his *hauteur* and added to his natural dignity. Already he and Lady Curzon have won enough personal popularity to last through his whole term of office. His policy, too, so far from being rash or provocative, has been a return to the safe conservatism of thirty years ago. He has not dealt in innovation, or set himself and his tourist impressions above the advice of departmental chiefs, or antagonized Russia, or, in fact, done any of those things that people feared he might do. On the contrary, he has with rare courage repudiated the Forward School, and whittled down their cherished policy to something as near Lord Lawrence's system as it was wise to attempt all at once. He has also set himself against the dominion of red-tape, cut down the powers of the Secretariat, and allowed the Collectors, who stand nearer to the natives than any other official, to act more on their own responsibility, mix freely among the people, and try to recover the old semi-patriarchal position they used to hold before their time was taken up with sending in reports and compiling tables and statistics for the benefit of the Secretariat. These are great and beneficial reforms, and must always set Lord Curzon high up on the list of successful viceroys.

IT is therefore doubly unfortunate that, after so brilliant a commencement, and just when he was on the point of tackling the currency and financial problems, his work should be interrupted by what promises to be the worst famine that India has ever known. Lord Elgin declared he could find no parallel for the miseries of 1897. Yet three years ago there were no more than one and a quarter millions of people on the relief lists. To-day there are over three millions and a half. The true famine area consists of 300,000 square miles, with a population of 40,000,000; and there is a further area of 145,000 square miles, with a population of 25,000,000, "where more or less general scarcity and distress prevail." All adverse circumstances seem to have combined to desolate the afflicted provinces. There is a failure not only of the autumn wheat and cotton crops, but of water. In 1897 the people of England, in an imperial outburst of generosity, sent rather over twelve cents per head to the relief of their Indian subjects. Now the Mansion House fund is making but poor headway against the distractions of the South-African war, and the bulk of the $15,000,000 needed to fight the famine till the end of March will have to come from India herself. A population of nearly fifty millions has to get through the next six months without the harvest on which it depends for food. That is the appalling situation with which the Indian government is face to face; and yet so perfect is the machinery it has elaborated during the past quarter of a century that the Viceroy can go on record with the guarantee that no man, woman, or child need starve who applies for relief in time. The difficulty is to get them to apply.

IN face of the extraordinary ability and even heroism with which the British meet and conquer the two great enemies of India—plague and famine—it may seem a piece of academic brutality to ask *cui bono*. And yet the answer is not so obvious as it seems. The instinct to alleviate suffering, never so vigilant as in this humanitarian age, is probably the widest and most permanent result of Christian teaching. To stay the hand from giving relief where relief is wanted is to stab the conscience of the world at its tenderest point. No English statesman ever has or ever could suggest that the Indian government should stand idly by and let plague and drought and famine run their course unhindered. So long as Great Britain rules in India the destitute will be fed and the sick cared for, even if it costs a revolution to do it. But the performance of this duty, if one looks a little ahead, raises questions as puzzling to the moralist as to the statesman.

WITHIN the last century all but 100,000,000 people have been added to the population of India. Under Mogul rule, before the Pax Britannica came to suppress war and stop the ravages of dearth and disease and make the law courts the real battle-ground of the people, the natives died like flies. Now they multiply like rabbits. Persons now living may see before they die 400,000,000 people dwelling in the peninsula. Each famine, by a well-known natural law, accelerates the growth. A hundred years from now India will be one vast tenement-house district with all the old outlets of war, plague, and famine, by means of which a rough and ready ratio used to be maintained between population and the capacity of the soil, choked up by British humanitarianism. Nor is there any agency in sight to stop the grim tragedy that is slowly and inexorably shaping itself. Emigration is impossible; to the building of canals and railroads and irrigation-works there is a limit; the soil can yield little more than it does at present; the redistribution of the population is no final remedy, and even with a stable currency India can never become a great manufacturing country. There is only one way out of the difficulty, and that way is too unspeakably repulsive to be seriously considered. Nevertheless, if the British Raj ever comes to an end, "killed by the sensitiveness of civilization" will be its epitaph.

MR. KRUGER has just accomplished something far more remarkable than building up a nation or outwitting Mr. Chamberlain. He has actually united the Irish party in the House of Commons. The reunion which has been heralded abroad so gleefully is not, when one examines it, quite so perfectly rounded as one might wish; but it is something to have been even the indirect cause of bringing Mr. Healy, Mr. Redmond, and Mr. Dillon into the same room without blows—all honest men, but Celts. The coalition, of course, is formed on the old principle that England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity.

WHAT has closed for the moment the vulgar, frothy squabblings of the Irish factions during the past nine years is the joyful fact, as Mr. Redmond puts it, that "England's prestige, which has protected her for so long, is at this moment almost shattered," and that no man can predict "what may not arise out of the situation." It is, in fact, a delightfully frank alliance of British subjects with the enemies of Great Britain for the purpose of gloating over British defeats, a subject of uncontrollable fascination for Mr. Healy, and embarrassing the military authorities and the British government at a time of national misfortune. Even so, the Irish reunion is not likely to last long. For one thing, British prestige is not "almost shattered," and any hopes founded on the expectation of its being shattered are likely to be disappointed. For another thing, to lead the Irish you must either be an Irishman carried to the n^{th}, like O'Connell, or else have nothing distinctively Celtic about you, like Butt and Parnell. The one being on earth whom the Irish will not follow is the mediocre Irishman, and when three such mediocrities as Messrs. Healy, Dillon, and Redmond meet together in leadership, the result—even when one puts their private disagreements out of sight—is beyond argument.

BUT supposing the Irish to be, as they say they are, once more the cohesive and determined party they were under Parnell's captaincy. Even so, they cannot have any great effect on the present course of English politics. England would never forgive any alliance between the Liberals and the Irish Nationalists so long as the latter make it their open object to hamper the success of British arms in the field; and without the help of the Opposition the Irish party can do nothing more effective than talk treason. Home-rule is as dead as Julius Cæsar; or, rather, it stands about as much chance of immediate resurrection. What Lord Rosebery and his growing following think of it is already on record. They have declared that it can never be granted, until England, "the predominant partner," is convinced of its justice and expediency. What the other leaders of the Liberal party think of it nobody knows. They have never openly repudiated it, for fear of a too violent break with their Irish allies, but they do not mention it on the platforms, or vote for amendments in its behalf in the House. Like the Democratic party in this country, they are tied to an issue in which they have lost faith, but which they dare not disown. The country generally is tired of the whole subject, and having just given Ireland a larger share of self-government than even England enjoys, is waiting to see how the experiment turns out before thinking of any further schemes. The happiest future that seems to lie before the new Irish party is therefore one of obstructive isolation, with a very remote chance of being able to drive another profitable bargain with one of the two great English parties.

FOR the Waldeck-Rousseau ministry not to be defeated is to conquer. As much might perhaps have been said of any of the long succession of ministries that have passed across the stage of the Third Republic. But of the present French cabinet it is peculiarly true. The ministry was put into office for the dual purpose of bringing the Dreyfus trial to a safe issue and of protecting the republic against the plots of the military, clerical, and royalist reactionaries. In both tasks it has admirably succeeded. Its solution of *l'affaire* disgusted Europe and America, but saved France from a revolution. It satisfied the military pride of the nation, and it must have appealed to its easy turn for irony. It was monstrously and manifestly unjust, but, on the whole, it was the most politic—perhaps the only politic—way out of the dilemma. There is at least no doubt that it closed the incident as nothing else could have done.

AGAINST the crowd of noisy conspirators, who were using every handle that came their way to upset republican institutions, the ministry proceeded with the utmost firmness. General de Gallifet curbed the refractory army officers; Déroulède and his fantastic followers were banished; the royalist rowdies were imprisoned and fined, and the whole heterogeneous conspiracy exposed and nullified. No ministry less diversified in its *personnel* than M. Waldeck-Rousseau's could have done as much. It was composed of men who had agreed to subordinate their party differences to the single object of republican defence. Royalists, moderates, and socialists, free-traders and protectionists, the representatives of every clique and every shade of opinion, were among its members. The one thing to be feared was that it would split up the moment the emergency that called it into power had passed. If therefore the recent Senatorial elections had resulted only in a moderate victory, it would have been enough. As a matter of fact they returned an overwhelming majority in favor of the ministers, or, rather, of the republic. Of the ninety-nine members returned, ninety-two belong to the party opposed to revolution.

THE result, even though General Mercier was among the remaining seven, is at least a severe censure on the intriguers against the existing order. *L'apaisement* is the present need and cry of the French nation. It does not want the army to be degraded or even attacked; it does not want the religious orders or the Catholic Church to be persecuted. Neither does it want to see sane republicanism compromised by military or clerical fanatics, or sacrificed to the dreams of the socialists. A quiet time by its own fireside is all that it asks for.

JUDGE WILLIAM H. TAFT,
Chairman of the Philippines Commission.

The American-built Steam-Yacht

WHILE excelling England and all European builders in designing and constructing crack sailing-yachts, naval architects have not been so confident in the success of steam-yacht-designing in America, and there are plenty who are willing to admit that the British are far ahead of us in this respect. Until a few years ago most of the first-class American steam-yachts were built in England, and the few that were built here were not noted for their excellence of design and beauty. But in the last five years a revolution has been effected in this line, and since the war with Spain an impetus has been given to the work that will result in many notable additions to our fleet of palatial steam-yachts. The value of the steam-yachts as auxiliary torpedo and gun boats in that war was pretty well tested, and their success is partly responsible for the renewal of interest in designing and building American steam-yachts.

Steam-yacht-designing is a distinct branch of naval architecture, just as the building and equipping of a battle-ship is different from that of an ocean liner. The architects have different problems to solve. In designing steam pleasure-yachts beauty of outline and speed are first considered, and many other considerations must be sacrificed to obtain these qualities. Ten years ago there were no special steam-yacht designers in this country. There were skilled naval architects who could beat English designers at their own game, but they had never qualified as specialists in designing pleasure-craft of the highest type.

Wealthy Americans consequently went abroad to have their orders for first-class sea-going steam-yachts executed. This was not so much a lack of patriotism as it was common-sense business principles. The qualities of beauty, harmony of detail, speed, and sea-worthiness were not absolutely assured them in American ship-building yards. But this claim cannot be put forth any longer, as the late additions of American-built steam-yachts to the New York Yacht Club can testify, and the number of designers of first-class steam-yachts in this country has steadily increased in the last five years.

It is of interest to note that an unusually large number of steam-yachts have been ordered for construction in this country since the close of the Spanish-American war, and that not one notable English-designed steam-yacht for an American has been ordered in the same time. This seems to indicate that in the future we shall be able to design and construct our own steam-yachts as well as our sailing-yachts. This important branch of naval architecture, however, will not be intrusted to ordinary ship-building firms, but to those who make a specialty of this branch of work.

The question of modifying the construction of steam-yachts so that in case of war they could be more readily converted into torpedo and gun boats for government purposes is agitating naval architects to quite a considerable extent. These yachts are of undoubted value in a war, but the work of converting them into gunboats, torpedo-boats, or even despatch-boats is rather costly. Their interior arrangements were very poorly adapted to war purposes, for they lacked sufficient storage-room, accommodations for distilling-plants, and space for crews and guns. Is it possible to make any improvements in the future designs of these craft so that their conversion into war-vessels could be simplified? This is the question that many naval architects are considering, and if it can be answered satisfactorily there are plenty of patriotic millionaires who would order their steam-yachts to be constructed in this way.

G. E. W.

Steel Shields in South Africa.

THE war mechanism that the English army has carried to South Africa for offensive and defensive purposes has caused general interest in military inventions that have heretofore been neglected by all except a few experts. The success of the armored trains in reconnaissance demonstrated their value on low level parts of the veldt when properly supported by troopers, and the use of these new inventions will become more general in the future. It seems like going back to the Middle Ages to speak of storming intrenchments with soldiers provided with shields to protect them from the missiles of the enemy; but the armored train appears to be merely the precursor of the steel shield which the soldiers will carry when attacking a sheltered foe. The advantage of the Boers in the South-African war has been great because they were very heavily intrenched behind rocks and breastworks, and while they were concealed from view they could pour withering volleys upon the storming British.

The adoption of storming-shields by the European armies is not exactly new, but they have never before been put to practical test. The British army has a shield for this purpose, and a great number of them have already been shipped to South Africa. The shields are of quarter-inch steel, and strong enough to resist a perfect storm of Mauser bullets. The length of the shield is three and a half feet, and the width one foot and nine inches. As the implement weighs some eighty pounds, a strong man is necessary to carry it in advance of the soldiers. A column of sappers protected by a line of these steel shields could advance rapidly toward an intrenched enemy with comparatively little loss from the bullets of the enemy. At the storming of Spion Kop the loss of life would have been far less one-sided had the British flying columns been armed with these steel shields. Against artillery and heavy Maxim guns the shields would have little chance of protecting an attacking party, but it was the storm of Mauser bullets that time and again checked the British in their daring attacks upon the intrenched Boers.

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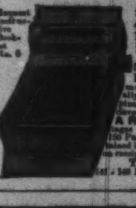

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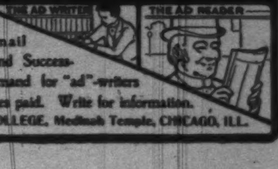

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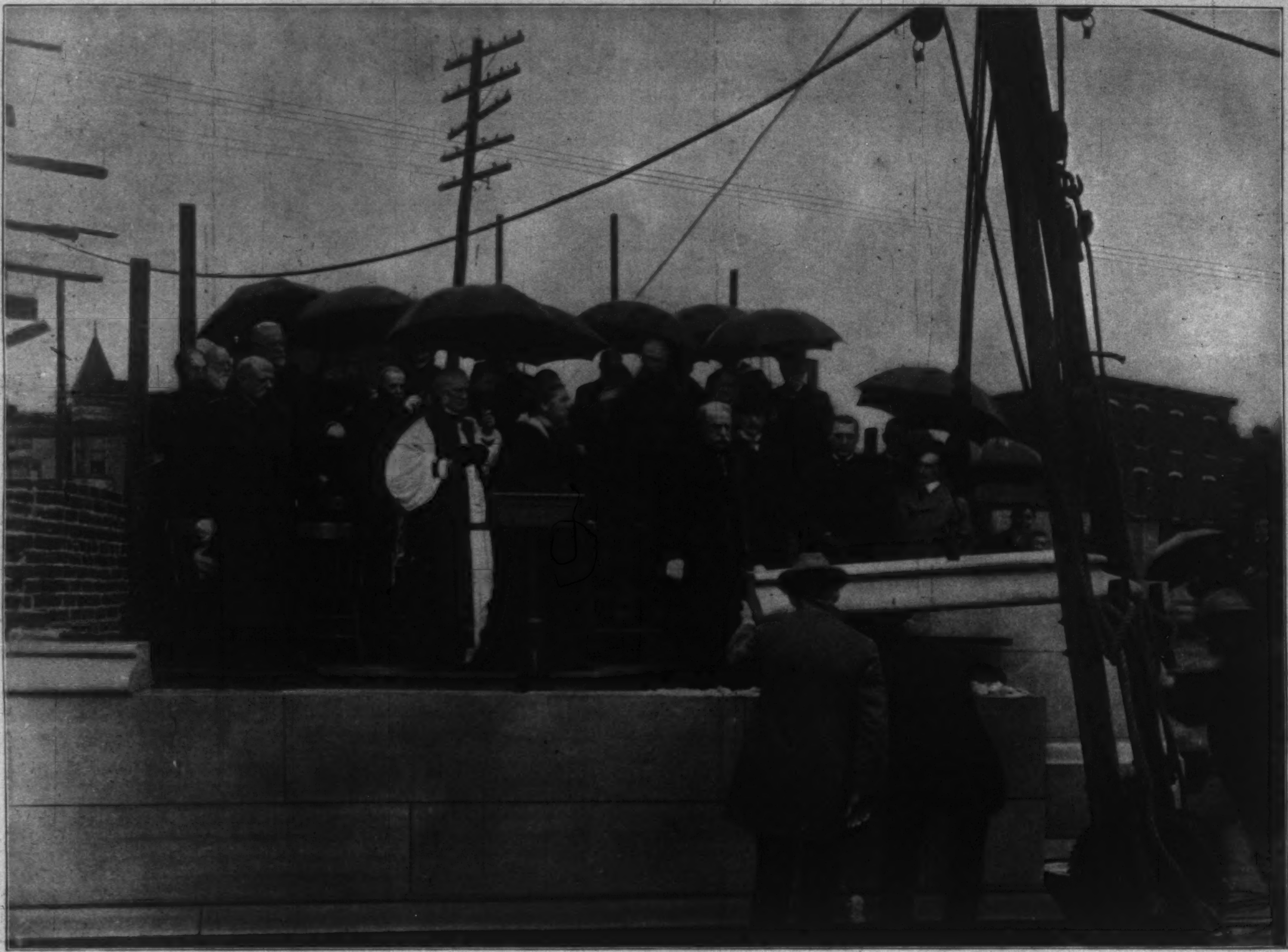
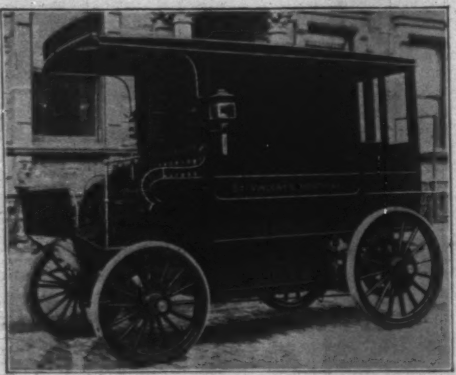


THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA MEMORIAL.

Major-General Nelson A. Miles laying the Corner-stone, February 13, 1900, of the Tower to be erected in Honor of the Students and Alumni of the University who were killed in the War with Spain.



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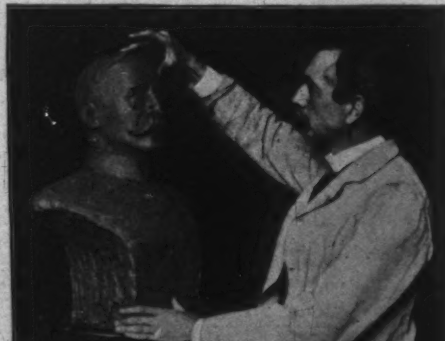


BUST OF ADMIRAL DEWEY.
Modelled from Life by J. E. Kelly.

MR. DOOLEY*

XIX.—ON THE POLITICS OF KENTUCKY

"IF th' Prisidint doesn't step in an' interfere," said Mr. Hennessy, "they'll be bloodshed in Kentucky."

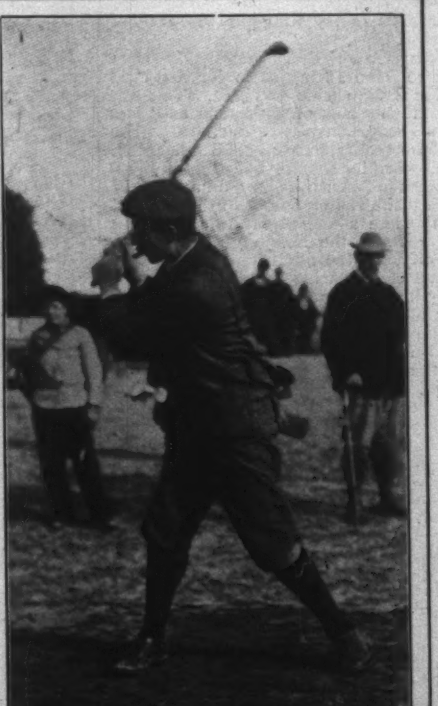
"What business is it iv Mack's?" Mr. Dooley protested. "Th' war's in this counthry, man alive! If 'twas in Boolgahria or Chiny or on th' head-waters iv th' Bozoon River in th' sooltynate iv—iv—I dinnaw what—thin 'twud be th' jooty iv our gover'mint f'r to resolve that th' interests iv humanity an' civilization an' th' advancement iv th' human kind required that we shud step in an' put a head on wan or both iv th' parties. But they's no reason now, me boy, f'r us to do annything, f'r these are our own people, an' 'tis wan iv their rights undher th' martial law that's th' foundation iv our institutions to bate each other to death whiniver an' wheriver they plaze. 'Twud be all r-right f'r th' Imperor Willum to come in an' take a hand, but Gawd help him if he did, or th' Prisidint iv th' Fr-rinch, or th' Imperor iv Chiny. 'Twud be all right f'r thim. An' though we might meet thim at th' dure an' hand thim wan f'r their impydince, we'd be in th' wrong. 'Twud be a good job f'r Aggynaldoo, too, if he cud find himsilf an' had th' time.

"It must be clear to him, be what news he hears whin th' other pilgrim father, Sinitor Hoar, calls on him in th' three where he makes his home, that what Kentucky needs now is wan, an' on'y wan, stable gover'mint an' a little public peace. He might restore peace at home an' abroad be cuttin' in, but th' poor la-ad has other things to think iv. I'd like to see him. It must be near a year since he had a shave or a hair-cut, barrin' ridges made be bullets as he cleared th' fences."

"It looks to me as though th' Roypublican was wr-rong," said Mr. Hennessy, with the judicial manner of a man without prejudices.

"Iv coorse he's wrong," said Mr. Dooley. "He starts wrong. An' th' Dimmycrats ar-re r-right. They're always r-right. 'Tis their position. Th' Dimmycrats ar-re r-right, an' th' Roypublicans has th' jobs. It all come up because our vinerated party, Hinnissy, ain't quick at the count. Man an' boy, I've taken an intherest in politics all me life, an' I find th' on'y way to win an iliction is to begin f'r to count th' minyit ye've completed th' preliminaries iv closin' th' polls an' killin' th' other judges an' clerks.

"Th' Dimmycrats counted, but th' count came too late. Be th' time th' apparent an' hidjous majority iv th' Roypublicans was rajooced to nawthin', an' a good, liberal, substantial, legal, an' riotous Dimmycratic majority put



HARRY VARDON,
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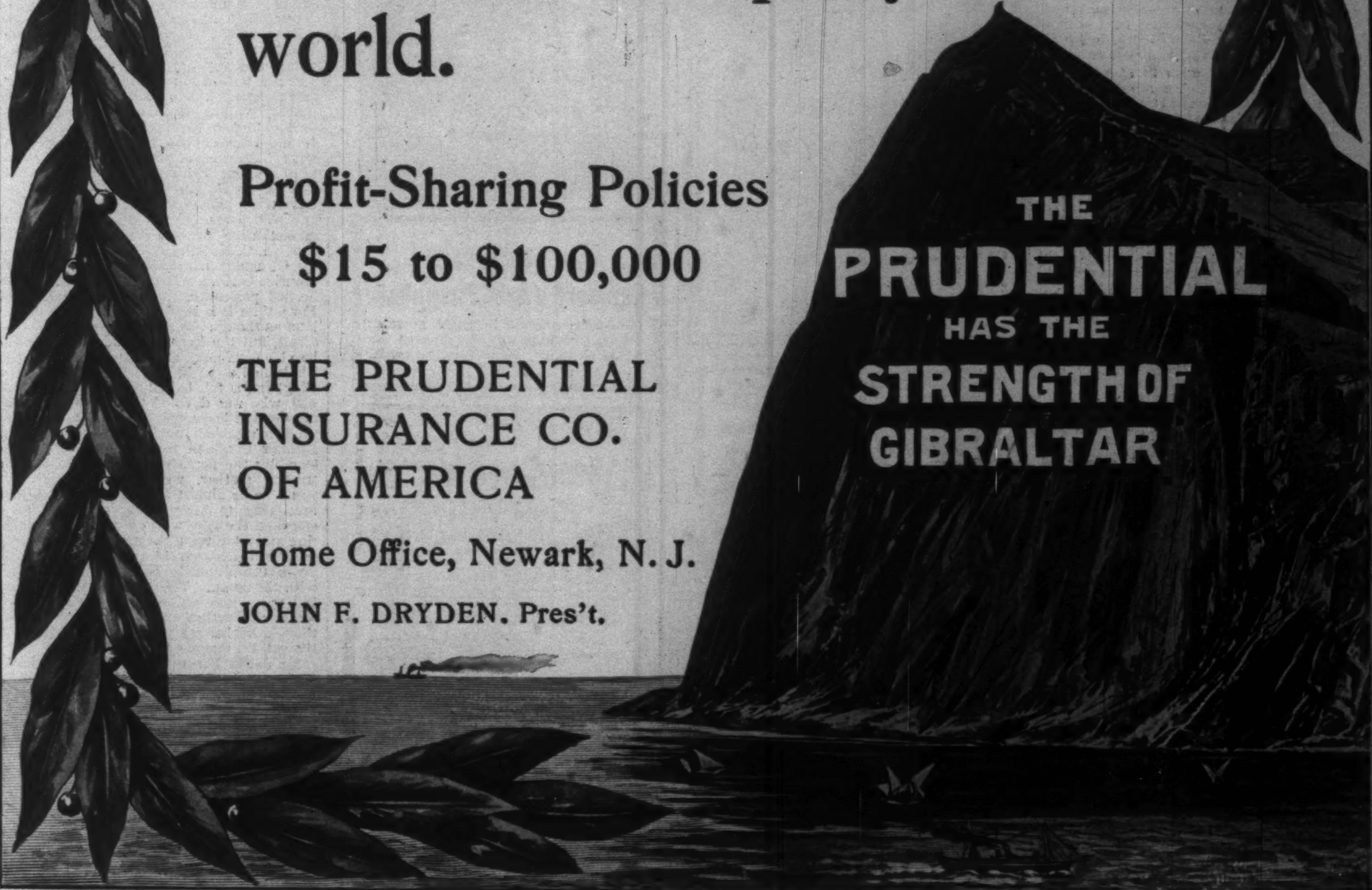
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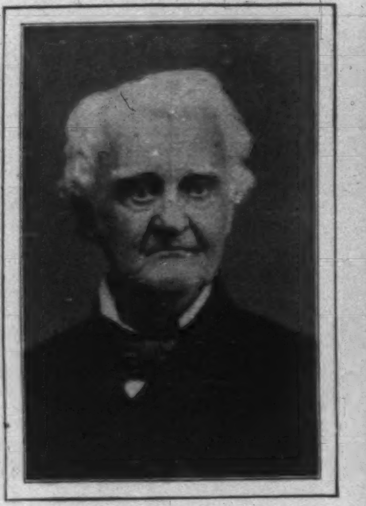
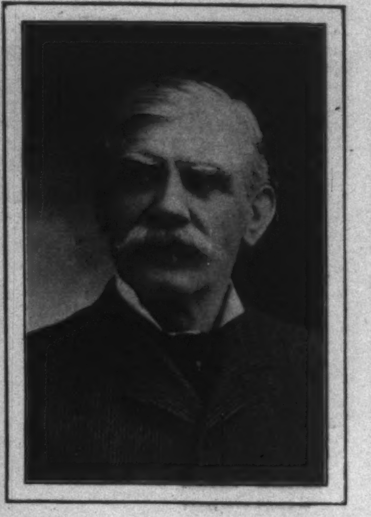


RICHARD W. THOMPSON,
Born 1809. Died February 8, 1900.
Secretary of the Navy under President Hayes's Administration.

in its place be ordher iv th' coorts, the commonwealth iv Kentucky, an' Jack Chinn, th' Roypublican that's been so long in th' job an' has become so wedded to it that ye cuddent shake him out with a can iv joynt powder. It seems to him that there niver was a time whin he wasn't Gov'nor.

"Th' Dimmycrats get together an' call on that learned an' incorruptible joodishary that's done so much to ilivate th' party into high office, an' whin th' dure iv the saloon is locked they say, 'Bill,' they say, 'we're bein' robbed iv our suffrage,' says they. 'Th' hated enimy has stolen th' ballot an' thrampled on th' r-rights iv th' citizens,' says they, 'in th' southern part iv th' State, faster thin we cud undo their hellish wurruk in our own counties,' they says. 'They now hol' th' jobs,' they say, 'an' if they stay in they's no more chanst iv iver ilictin' a Dimmycrat again thin there wud be iv ilictin' a Roypublican if we get in,' they say. 'Do ye mix us up a replevy writ, an' we'll go over an' haul th' chair fr'm undher thim,' they say. So th' judge passes out a replevy writ be vartue iv th' thrust that's been reposed in him be th' comity, an' gives it to Colonel Jack Chinn, wan iv th' leaders iv th' Kentucky bar, f'r to sarve. An' Colonel Jack Chinn ar-rms himsilf as becomes a ripprisintative iv a gr-reat coort goin' to sarve a sacred writ iv replevy on th' usurper to th' loftiest, or wan iv th' loftiest, jobs that th' people iv a gloryous State can donate to a citizen. He sthraps on three Gatlin' guns, four revolvers, two swords, a rifle, a shotgun, a baseball-bat, a hand-grenade (to be used on'y in case of thirst), a pair iv handcuffs, brass knuckles, a sand-bag, a piece of lead pipe in a stockin', a rabbit's foot f'r luck, a stove-lid, an' a can iv dinnymite, an' with siveral iv his cillybrated knives behind his ears, in his hair, between his teeth, an' gleamin' fr'm his pockets, he sallies forth on his sacred mission, an' gives th' writ to a clerk to sarve, an' stays in town himsilf, where he successfully resists all charges iv th' bartinder. Th' clerk goes up to th' State House, where th' Gov'nor is ixicutin' th' high thrust reposed in him be himsilf behind breastworks, an' guarded be some of th' most desp'rate an' pathriotic ruffyans in th' State. 'What have ye there?' says his Ixcillincy, with his hand on th' sthring iv a dinnymite-gun. 'A writ fr'm th' coort bouncin' ye fr'm ye'er high office,' says th' clerk. 'As a law-abidin' citizen,' says his Ixcillincy, 'an' an official enthrusted be th' people iv this glad State with th' ixicution iv th' statutes, I bow to th' law,' he says. 'But,' he says, 'I'll be hanged if I'll bow to th' decree iv anny low-browed, pussillanimous Dimmycratic coort,' he says. 'Sojers,' he says, 'seize this disturber iv th' peace an' stick him in th' cellar! Jawn,' he says, 'ar-rm ye'ersilf an' proceed to th' Roypublican timple iv justice in Hogan's saloon, an' have th' stanch an' upright Judge Blood prepare some good honist writs iv th' party iv Lincoln an' Grant,' he says. 'In the mane time, as th' Constitootion has lost its sights, an' the cylinder don't revolve,' he says, 'I suspind it, an' proclaim martial law,' he says. 'I want a law,' he says, 'that mesilf an' all other good citizens can rayspict,' he says. 'I want one,' he says, 'that's been made undher me own personal supervision,' he says. 'Good hand-made copper-distilled, wan hundhred tin-proof martial law ought to be good f'r anny Kentuckyan,' he says. So th' nex' ye hear th' sojers ar-re chasin' th' coorts out iv th' State, th' Legislature is meetin' in Duluth, Pinsacola, an' Bangor, Maine, an' a comity iv citizens, consistin' iv some iv th' best gun-fighters iv th' State, ar-re meetin' to decide how th' conthroversay can be decided without loss iv blood or jobs. While they're in session th' Gov'nor is in contimpt iv coort, th' coorts ar-re in contimpt iv th' Gov'nor, an' if annybody but Tiddy Rosenfelt has anny other feelin' f'r ayether iv thim I haven't heerd him speak."



THOMAS R. BARD,
The New Senator from California.

"They ought to fire out th' Roypublican," said Mr. Hennessy. "Sure 'tis comin' to a nice state iv affairs whin th' likes iv him can defy th' coorts."

"True f'r ye," said Mr. Dooley. "But I don't like th' looks iv it fr'm our side iv th' house. Whiniver a Dimmycrat has to go to coort to win an iliction I get suspicious. They's something wr-rong in Kentucky, Hinnissy. We were too slow. Th' inimy got th' first cheat." F. P. DUNNE.

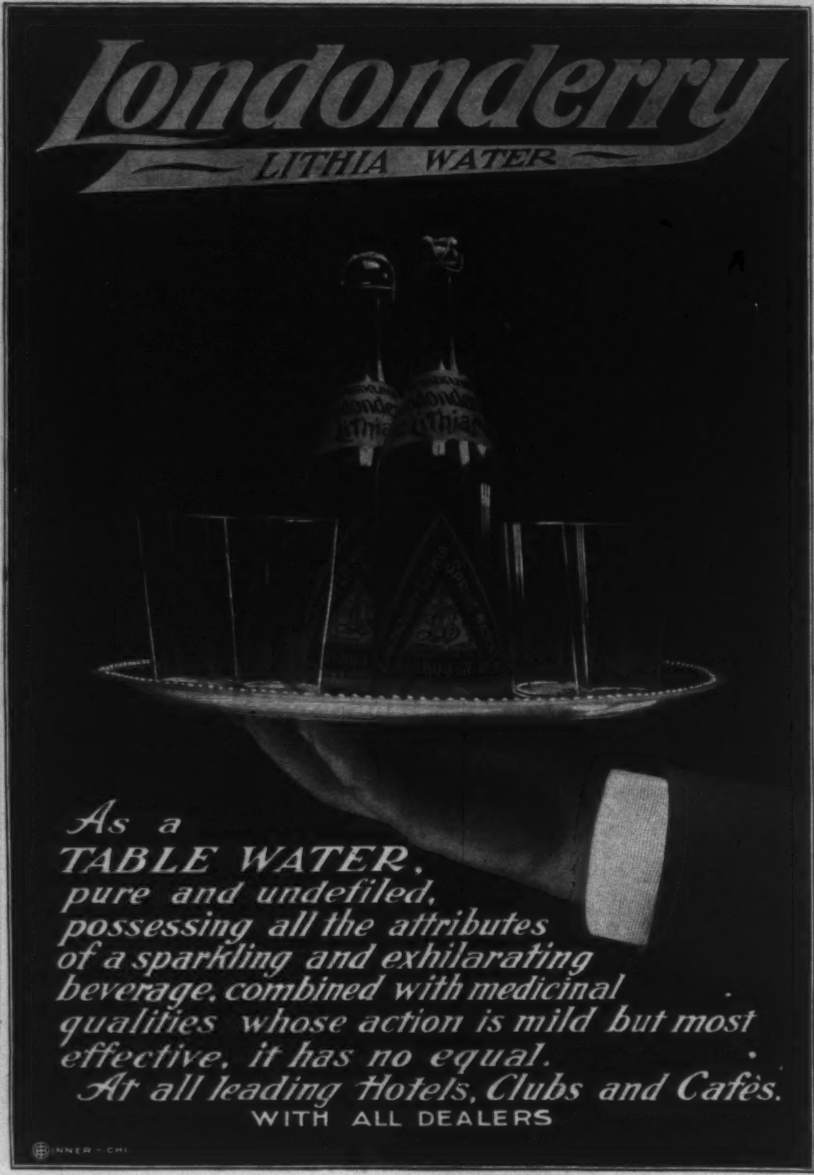
Notes of a Bookman

BY E. D. BEACH

IN *Paolo and Francesca*, a tragedy in four acts, by Stephen Phillips (John Lane, publisher), the problem is early introduced. In a gloomy hall of his castle at Rimini, hung with weapons and instruments of the chase, Giovanni, on the second page, explains conditions to his fair young bride. He does not spare himself. "You see me beat with many blows," he says, "death-pale with gushing of much blood, and deaf with war." He asks Francesca, "hither all dewy from her convent fetched," if she can be satisfied with him. "I ask no great thing of the skies," he says; but therein precisely lies his error. With a curious suggestion of understanding she replies that she is innocent as yet of this great life; that her only care, so far, has been to sing and to embroider curiously; but that the stillness of existence in the castle at Rimini recommends itself to her. It is true enough and strange enough that innocence is dangerous. "You dread this little hand?" Francesca says to Paolo. "Your face is white, and yet you have killed men! Do you fear to look in my eyes, you so ensteeled and clanging in your stride?" Paolo is no quickly willing offender. He buys poison; he tries to go to the war; but "thrilling from Rimini a tender voice makes all the trumpets mute." A drama of stirring effect, vulnerable in places, but with many admirable lines.

A girl in Dublin with copper-colored and intractable hair, a girl whom animals love and who loves animals—this is the heroine of Katharine Tynan's story *The Dear Irish Girl* (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago). Biddy O'Connor her name is, and she loves Maurice O'Hara, who does well with his inherited possessions in the west of Ireland. For a time it is made to seem to the credulous as though the match were not to come about, but the knowing reader will hardly lose his confidence at any stage of the story. Biddy had no right to be jealous of Eleanor Bingham, a fair-haired and very beautiful girl, who was devoted to philanthropic endeavor; but jealousy is not a sentiment which needs to establish itself upon a basis of right. Eleanor Bingham never married, notwithstanding the persistent example of her attractive mother, who married twice. It seems to be almost absurd to say that it is gratifying to have Biddy escape from a storm on the lake with no more than a wetting and a tax upon the nervous system, and from a maelstrom in the lake which led down tumultuously to a hole connecting with the ocean. The aged and ungrammatical man whose refined sight enabled him to see fairies makes an interesting character, though he has no particular bearing upon the general tendency of the tale.

Mr. James Barnes writes stirring stories of the sea, and his *Drake and his Yeomen* (Macmillan Company) is one of them. Drake is a detached figure to most of us, a great admiral, but cold and stony, like the figures on the town-hall at Cologne. Here we have him rendered into flesh and blood. He goes out from Portsmouth as a privateer—a pirate, so far as the Spanish opinion may be concerned. He raises the very dickens with the Spanish in the West Indies and on the Spanish Main. Who can hear of the Spanish Main without an acceleration of the movement of the blood. Here is Drake dripping from the sea, racing stark naked to give battle to the foe. We have it that his back was



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the most massive and muscular ever displayed. He could handle Spaniards as though they were tenpins. Still, his great physical development is a mere incident of the Drake who is revealed to us in this story. He has mind to direct his own indomitable body and the efficient bodies of a thousand others. We see him here at his doubtful work in the Western seas, and also at his work which was concerned with the demolition of the Spanish Armada. There are pictures to go along. "We fastened to the Spaniard's side," is the title of one of the pictures, and one regarding this cannot help seeing what desperate things were done in those days.

For a story to provoke goose-flesh, and to remind us very unpleasantly of the grosser sinfulness of men, let us read *The House of the Sorcerer*, by Haldane Macfall (Richard G. Badger & Co., Boston). Here in the frontispiece sits a woman, Egyptian and rigid, flanked by candles, and surrounded by serpents and money and skulls. The story is not Egyptian. It is a story of wickedness in the island of Jamaica. We presume that the figure in the frontispiece is meant to personify Jezebel, the altogether wicked woman of the tale. She seems to appear here, with her negro face, the flowers in her hair, the bracelets on her arms, the huge gems on her fingers, and her belt of gorgeous glass. She sits prim, with aggressive assurance, after the manner of the wicked. The house of the sorcerer has really little to do with the tale. We enter it when the sorcerer is dead, and when the vultures are at their unpleasant work upon him. "There was a beating of wings all round and about her.... A sickening vulture coughed.... A dying vulture leaped near her feet, and lashed its great wings upon the ground, struggling in the last tetanous throes of a fearful agony." It will be seen that there is horror in the tale. But it does not seem to have been possible to put a hoodoo upon the evil Jezebel. She sits with the sailors, and laughs and drinks and ripens her soul for perdition. No Nemesis overtakes her in the story. The author gives her time. But nobody who reads the text or who consults the frontispiece can doubt that she will be called to book eventually.

How Women May Earn a Living, by Helen Churchill Candee, is published by the Macmillan Company. This is a series of essays pleasantly written and containing a great deal of useful suggestion. The writer considers the boarding-house and how it is best to be run. She has chapters upon the stage, upon type-writing and stenography, upon household industries, upon skilled nursing, upon teaching, newspaper work, and many other branches of work offering themselves to woman's endeavor. She tells of one woman who is skilful at trimming hats, and who earns sixty-five dollars a week at that nice occupation. Of course not all women have the gift of trimming hats; if they had it would be the ruin of Division Street. But if a woman cannot trim hats, it may be that she is fitted for newspaper work. The newspapers call for all sorts of things that are informing and interesting, and we find accordingly the "household column" and the "woman's page." Women who cannot do one thing can do another, and in this volume there is no end of suggestion. "Ten dollars a thousand words is good pay, and is the rate adopted by the average first-class publications for unknown writers," Mrs. Candee says, under the head of "Hack Writing." Here surely is a chance for women who know how to cook hard-boiled eggs and have the gift to be able to describe the process. But every chance is suggested here, and the book is readable as well as comprehensive.

There is nice work in *Child Verse*, by John B. Tabb (Small, Maynard, & Co., Boston). The poet makes the Pleiads say that they are "crickets chirping all the night on the floor of heaven," and he has songs, witty and not too profound, upon the frost, the thistle-down, and much else that is homely and familiar. Some of the poems have serious suggestion enough, as, for instance, the one entitled "Out of Bounds":

> A little Boy, of heavenly birth,
>   But far from home to-day,
> Comes down to find His ball, the Earth,
>   That Sin has cast away.
> O comrades, let us one and all
> Join in to get Him back His ball.

It is pleasant to observe that Father Tabb is not afraid of the pun. He uses it very felicitously in a number of his verses. It is good to see the rehabilitation of an ancient and unfortunate friend.

The World of Finance

THE returns of the railroads of the country for the month of January showed a marked increase over the record of the same month a year ago, notwithstanding a much lighter movement of the great crop staples of wheat and cotton. This is a significant sign of general activity in industry and trade throughout the country, though something is due to improved freight rates. The activity in iron and steel continues to be notable, and contributes much to the volume of transportation; but a factor which attracts a novel degree of attention is coal. The price of that product, especially of the bituminous article so much used in the West, has advanced materially under the enlarged demand, and the rates for carrying are improved. This has contributed to the well-being of some of the important lines of communication in the interior. Activity in the iron and steel business produces a drain upon the coal-supply that is coming to be severely felt in Europe, where various industries are feeling the effect of scarcity and high price for coal. It is not unlikely soon to enter into our list of exports.

Railroad activity is especially noteworthy in the South, which is sharing more and more largely in the industrial and commercial welfare of the country. Cotton has been indulging in a rather late movement to the markets this year, having been kept back by the effect of a short crop, which made sceptical foreign buyers hesitate, and domestic producers hold back for higher prices. The result has been a good deal of trading, much of it speculative, on higher prices than have prevailed before for several years. Manufactories in the South continue to grow, and there are reports of new cotton-mills, which not only increase the volume of material used up near the fields, and contribute to local transportation, but also give employment to Southern labor and capital to a growing extent.

The general business condition of the country, of which the railroad returns are such a sure index, is reflected in the money centres. In New York the money-market has continued to be abundantly supplied, and rates for loans have been easy, although there has been a slight outward movement of the currency on account of the movement in cotton, and the Treasury has ceased to divert its internal-revenue receipts into the banks. Still, there has been a considerable increase in the volume of deposits, and a still larger increase in loans, so that the reserves have been somewhat drawn down. Rates have remained pretty steady. Money on call has been 2 to 2½ per cent., and well-secured loans for sixty and ninety days have been made at 4 and 4½ per cent., good commercial paper ranging from 4½ to 6. The state of the money-market would naturally encourage activity on the Stock Exchange, but there has been rather a cautious spirit prevailing there of late.

There has been improvement in stocks, but little speculation. The best railroad securities have shown strength, and come out in response to what seems to be an investment demand. The declaration of a dividend on the common stock of the Union Pacific for the first time in years—1½ per cent. for a half-year—had a decidedly stimulating effect, as it not only indicated successful management but active business through a wide system of connections. Of the industrial stocks, those representing productive interests, like the leading steel companies, share with railroad securities in the general confidence. Those figure most in speculation about whose actual value least is known, like the sugar, tobacco, and leather "trust" securities. On the New York Exchange local-traction stocks have been unusually active and strong, mainly on account of progress in putting the Third Avenue Railroad's big debt into shape. Special interest in one transit stock has a sympathetic effect upon all the rest, and there has been a general advance.

Foreign exchange has been rather dull and irregular, and our markets seem to be unusually independent of those of Europe, notwithstanding the disturbing effect in England of the South-African war. American securities are not held in London in so large a volume as formerly, and during the lull in speculative activity the slight agitations there have had little effect upon this side. The London money-market has shown signs of suspense in view of the heavy drafts upon the government for war expenses and the expectation of new loans, but the general condition of comparative ease has kept up. Discount rates have remained steady at the lower level reached in the last month. There has been scarcely a noticeable incident on the European exchanges for a week past.

An incident worth noting is the fact that the annual report on the savings-banks of the State of New York shows that they now contain over $1,000,000,000, of which about $111,000,000 is credited to surplus. This vast volume of funds consists mainly of the accumulated savings of people of small incomes, but it constitutes an important part of the active capital employed in business in this State, as the bulk of it is continually loaned on prescribed securities, so that it contributes largely to carry out the enterprises of the time. The most profitable investment for the depositors, and that in which the largest share of the funds is placed, consists of loans upon real-estate mortgages, and the proposal in the Legislature to subject these to a tax of one-half of 1 per cent. for the support of the State government is exciting much opposition.

A. K. FISKE.

1900= 36th =1900
Annual Statement
OF THE
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INSURANCE COMPANY
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JAMES G. BATTERSON, Pres't.

Hartford, Conn., January 1, 1900.

PAID-UP CAPITAL, $1,000,000

ASSETS.

Real Estate,	$2,049,222.72
Cash on hand and in Bank,	1,810,269.96
Loans on bond and mortgage, real estate,	5,981,842.52
Interest accrued but not due,	245,983.39
Loans on collateral security,	1,497,175.51
Loans on this Company's Policies,	1,305,307.27
Deferred Life Premiums,	340,997.04
Prems. due and unreported on Life Policies,	259,449.36
Government Bonds,	789,016.96
County and municipal bonds,	3,114,997.64
Railroad stocks and bonds,	7,819,225.19
Bank stocks,	1,258,674.00
Other stocks and bonds,	1,288,350.00
Total Assets	$27,760,511.56

LIABILITIES.

Reserve, 3½ per cent., Life Dep't,	$20,406,734.00
Reserve for Re-insurance, Accident Dep't,	1,500,369.22
Present value Instalment Life Policies,	783,193.00
Reserve for Claims against Employers,	586,520.26
Losses in process of adjustment,	219,833.02
Life Premiums paid in advance,	33,178.11
Special Reserve for unpaid taxes, rents, etc.,	110,000.00
Special Reserve, Liability Department,	100,000.00
Total Liabilities,	23,739,827.61
Excess Security to Policy-holders,	4,020,683.95
Surplus,	$3,020,683.95

STATISTICS TO DATE.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

Life Insurance in force	$100,334,554.00
New Life Insurance written in 1899,	17,165,686.00

Insurance on instalment plan at commuted value.

Returned to Policy-holders in 1899,	1,522,417.06
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	16,039,380.95

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.

Number Accident Claims paid in 1899,	15,386
Whole number Accident Claims paid,	339,636
Returned to Policy-holders in 1899,	$1,227,977.34
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	23,695,539.94

Totals.

Returned to Policy-holders in 1899,	$2,750,394.40
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	39,734,920.89

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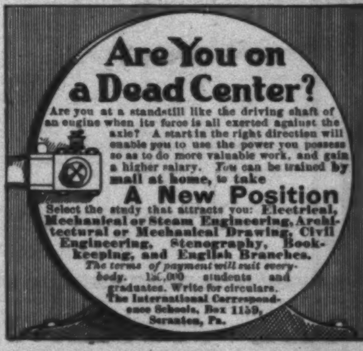

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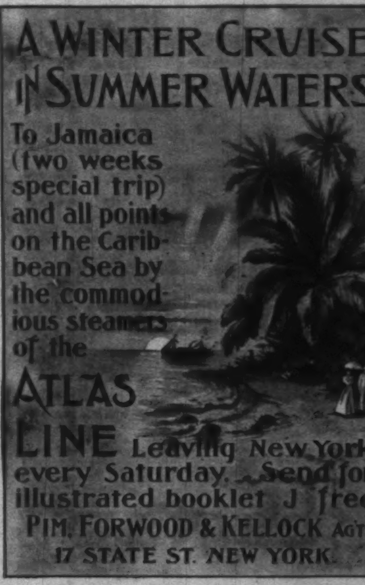

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